INT. TALBOT HOUSE, BEDROOM (VICTORIAN PERIOD) -- NIGHT

THUNDER RUMBLES and LIGHTNING FLASHES...
YOUNG LAWRENCE, a raven-haired youth, 10 years old, sits up in his bed, looking fearfully to the darkness.

INT. TALBOT HOUSE, HALLWAY -- NIGHT

With the STORM HEARD raging outside, Young Lawrence peers out into the HALLWAY. A man's ANGUISHED CRY is HEARD, but it's lost in the SOUND of THUNDER. Was it imagined?

Young Lawrence, in a night-shirt, starts tentatively down the long, dark hall of this opulent, Victorian MANOR HOUSE. LIGHTNING illuminates many big game, ANIMAL HEAD TROPHIES mounted one-after-another: TIGER... ELEPHANT... LION...

Young Lawrence walks, trying to ignore the freakish tableau.

DOWN THE HALL

Young Lawrence slows, looking ahead to... a DOOR ajar. LIQUID pools out from beneath, like black molasses.

Young Lawrence moves to push the DOOR OPEN...

IN THIS MASTER BEDROOM

A MAN is slumped on his knees, weeping, cradling the FIGURE of a WOMAN. He lets out another CRY of anguish!

YOUNG LAWRENCE
Father... ?

The man, **SIR JOHN TALBOT**, 40, looks to see Young Lawrence. Sir John is in agony, tears streaming down his face.

The cradled WOMAN'S ARM falls free, dangling limply, the wrist slit; gashed wide with BLOOD FLOWING to the floor.

Young Lawrence stumbles back in horror...
Falling against his older brother, **BENJAMIN**, 12, arriving in the doorway. Benjamin, likewise terrified, raises a bright OIL LANTERN to the room just as BOOMING THUNDER is HEARD!

EXT. TALBOT HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS -- NIGHT

The stately MANSION and surrounding countryside are glimpsed in brilliant LIGHTNING. THUNDER ECHOES as we...

SOAR UP into the TEMPEST! CAMERA ZOOMS: through and beyond roiling STORM CLOUDS... to find a **FULL MOON** shining down.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THEATER -- NIGHT

CLOSE ON: a stage-craft **FULL MOON** backlit by flickering gaslight within a painted BACKDROP of crooked trees and grim sky. INTO FRAME steps handsome **LAWRENCE TALBOT**, mid-30's.

LAWRENCE
(as Hamlet)
To be or not to be. That is the question. Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer, The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune...

Other ACTORS are SILHOUETTED in nearby SHADOWS. COSTUMED Lawrence walks to centerstage, passionate eyes gleaming.

LAWRENCE
Or take arms against a sea of troubles, And by opposing end them. To die: to sleep. No more; and by a sleep to say we end...

IN THE AUDIENCE: wealthy WEST-ENDERS watch, enthralled.

LAWRENCE
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks, That flesh is heir to: 'tis a consummation, Devoutly to be wish'd. To die...

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON THEATER DISTRICT -- NIGHT

TOLLING hauntingly, BIG BEN is faintly seen in the gloom of this bleak Victorian horizon of endless BUILDINGS, skeletal industrial CRANES and soot-spewing SMOKESTACKS.

INSERT TITLE: **"London, 1888"**

While on the near STREETS, THEATER-GOERS pour noisily out from the THEATER into filthy, loud, over-crowded Londontown.

INT. THEATER, DRESSING ROOMS -- NIGHT

A boisterous PARTY is HEARD from the other room. Lawrence sits at his DRESSING TABLE, in costume, pouring two stiff DRINKS. He hands one to a tawdry COCKNEY LADY beside him.

LAWRENCE
Over the lips and through the gums...

They drink. Cockney Lady laughs, already drunk. Lawrence pours again while Cockney Lady paws at him amorously. A fatherly, ELDER ACTOR, American, enters from a curtained CHANGING BOOTH, pulling on his jacket, watching them.

CONTINUED

ELDER ACTOR
A few cocktails, Lawrence?

LAWRENCE
A few.

ELDER ACTOR
Too many?

LAWRENCE
Et tu, Brute?

ELDER ACTOR
No. Indulge, by all means. Just do not forget yourself.

Lawrence toasts his own REFLECTION in his MIRROR.

LAWRENCE
I make no promises.

ELDER ACTOR
The occasion is in the other room. Bring your new... friend.

Elder Actor exits. Lawrence extricates himself from Cockney Lady's grasp, kissing her hand as he stands.

LAWRENCE
Excuse me, dear, while I dress.

COCKNEY LADY
Dress. Undress. Whichever you like.

She smokes. Lawrence begins changing from his COSTUME. Behind, the DOOR opens as a lovely woman, **GWEN CONLIFFE**, 30, looks in, nervous. She KNOCKS, clears her throat.

GWEN
Begging your pardon, sir... I...

Lawrence is taking off his SHIRT as he looks over. Gwen is stunningly beautiful, in a nice, though plain, DRESS. She tries to avert her eyes from his shirtlessness.

GWEN
I'm... terribly sorry, but... you are one Mr. Talbot?

LAWRENCE
Correct.

GWEN
Mr. Lawrence Talbot, actor?

Lawrence pulls on a SHIRT, buttoning.

CONTINUED

LAWRENCE
Correct again, and while normally I'd be so happy to make the acquaintance of an admirer as lovely as yourself...
(of Cockney Lady)
...tonight, as you can plainly see...

GWEN
You misunderstand me.

LAWRENCE
Do I? Well, make it quick. I'm about to have my hands full.

GWEN
I've come from Talbot Hall. West Blackmoor. My name is Gwen Conliffe. Betrothed to Mr. Benjamin Talbot.

Lawrence regards her with a new seriousness.

LAWRENCE
My brother's fiance?

Gwen nods. Lawrence considers, looks to Cockney Lady.

LAWRENCE
A moment alone, please...

COCKNEY LADY
What's all this about?

LAWRENCE
Go entertain yourself. I'll collect you momentarily.

Gwen makes way as Lawrence shows Cockney Woman out the door.

LAWRENCE
So, Miss Conliffe... what brings you here tonight?

GWEN
You've had no letter from Benjamin lately, though you expected one. Forgive my reading them, but your last correspondence with him told me you'd be in London now.
(troubled pause)
The reason there's been no letter... Benjamin is gone. He's disappeared.

LAWRENCE
Disappeared?

CONTINUED

GWEN
For almost a month now, without a trace. And there's been a killing in Blackmoor; an unspeakable murder. All the while, a certain woman is at the center of it. Because of her, propriety forbids me from saying anything more.
(pause)
I come to ask for your help.

LAWRENCE
My father. He knows you came?

GWEN
He knows.

LAWRENCE
He asks this? My father?

GWEN
I ask. I pray you will return to Talbot Hall.

Lawrence turns away, sullen, slowly shakes his head.

LAWRENCE
I cannot.

GWEN
You must. Please. How... how can I express what heartache it's been...?

LAWRENCE
Tonight was our last performance before returning to New York. Besides which, whatever this is... what help could I be in any of it?

GWEN
With respect, where else would you have me turn? It is your family in dire need of you.

LAWRENCE
I'm sorry you've wasted your time. For my own reasons, I will never go back to Blackmoor. I'm afraid that's my final word.

Gwen stares sadly down in weary despair.

GWEN
Well, then. There's nothing more to say. Except thank you for hearing me, Mr. Talbot.

CONTINUED

Lawrence watches as Gwen crosses. She halts at the door.

GWEN
I know you've been away for nearly a lifetime. Still... he is your blood. Your only brother.

Gwen goes, SHUTS the DOOR. Lawrence stands alone, miserable.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON LODGING HOUSE, LAWRENCE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Lawrence sleeps in a small BED in a small ROOM. Cockney Lady sleeps beside him. Lawrence stirs, DREAMING...

EXT. MOOR FIELDS (LAWRENCE'S DREAM) -- NIGHT

Lawrence, in his Hamlet COSTUME, walks these swampy MOORS amidst a heavy FOG. MIST swirls as he reaches out.

LAWRENCE
Hello...?!

Ahead, within a CIRCLE of huge, weathered and ancient STONE MONOLITHS jutting upwards from the ground, Lawrence nears... A lone MAN in rural attire, standing with his back to us.

LAWRENCE
Benjamin, is that you? Ben...?

As Lawrence approaches, the MAN TURNS to REVEAL... A FACELESS VISAGE of unbroken flesh stretched taut across a SKULL of empty EYE SOCKETS and gaping maw!

INT. LODGING ROOM -- NIGHT

Lawrence awakens, aghast, sweaty. He sits up, looking beside him to Cockney Lady who lies facing away.

LAWRENCE
Lord... what a dream. You awake?

Cockney Lady GROANS sleepily, stirring...

LAWRENCE
I dreamt I was in a fog, and...

Cockney Lady TURNS, showing a GHOULISH SKULL-FACE devoid of features -- SHRIEKING -- her TEETH GNASHING!

INT. LODGING ROOM -- DAWN

Lawrence awakens for real this time, sweaty, gasping.

As he looks to Cockney Lady who lies facing away beside him, he scrambles from the bed, backing fearfully to the wall.

EXT. LODGING HOUSE ROOF -- MOMENTS LATER -- DAWN

A ROOFTOP HATCH is thrown open with a THUD. Lawrence climbs a LADDER out onto the flat ROOF, wearing clothes he's thrown on. He takes out and lights a CIGARETTE, inhales deeply.

Lawrence goes to the roof's edge. He takes out a BOTTLE, drinks. He stares across the dark London CITYSCAPE set against the aborning, orange SUNRISE. His mind is troubled.

LAWRENCE
(under his breath)
Damn you, Father. Goddamn you.

Lawrence angrily flings the BOTTLE at the horizon. It's HEARD SHATTERING far off, shards HEARD scattering. A distant TRAIN WHISTLE SOUNDS, growing LOUDER...

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON TRAIN STATION -- MORNING

The TRAIN WHISTLE SOUNDS from inside the STATION. We find MEMBERS of Lawrence's ACTING TROUPE unloading many large TRUNKS of "***Atherton Traveling Theater Co.***" belongings from WAGONS. STATION ATTENDANTS help transport the TRUNKS inside.

Other ACTORS slap Lawrence on the back, wishing him well, as Elder Actor comes to firmly shake Lawrence's hand.

ELDER ACTOR
We'll do the best we can without you. It's right this; you going home.

LAWRENCE
No home of mine, but I'm going. Hard to believe, one long day's journey takes me back 20 years.

ELDER ACTOR
Good luck. See you in New York.

Lawrence nods, waves as he crosses the STREET... This is post-Industrial-Revolution London, with the SOUNDS of INDUSTRY echoing in the sooty air; London as the center of the universe. Streets bustle with hurried GENTLEMEN and LADIES, shouting HAWKERS, dirt-poor WAYWARD YOUTHS and BEGGARS. As Lawrence reaches a waiting four-horse CARRIAGE, the DRIVER opens the passenger door. Lawrence climbs in.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE LONDON / MONTAGE BEGINS -- DAY

Lawrence's CARRIAGE crests a hill, leaving LONDON hazily distant. Much beauteous COUNTRYSIDE lies ahead.

EXT. FOREST -- DAY

The carriage moves swiftly through dense, sun-dappled WOODS.

EXT. BLACKMOOR VILLAGE OUTSKIRTS -- DAY

IN THE COUNTRYSIDE, under Blackmoor's (perpetually) GREY SKIES, Lawrence's carriage veers left at a FORK in the DIRT ROAD. The other road leads to the VILLAGE on the horizon.

INT./EXT. LAWRENCE'S CARRIAGE (IN MOTION) -- DAY

Lawrence peers pensively out the WINDOW...
Scanning the bleak and forbiddingly vast MOORS. Low, wild heath and peat dominate this desolate, boggy WASTELAND.

The STONE MONOLITHS from Lawrence's nightmare command an area of high ground. Cawing BLACK CROWS congregate.

EXT. BLACKMOOR ROAD, FURTHER ON -- DUSK

The driver guides Lawrence's carriage onward.
Beyond near FIELDS, a GYPSY ENCAMPMENT of TENTS and WAGONS has settled an open area bordered by FOREST. CAMPFIRES burn. GYPSIES lead HORSES, carry WATER and skin wild GAME.

IN THE GYPSY CAMP

At one exotically decorated WAGON, an ancient, female fortune-teller, **OLD MALEVA**, steps out, sensing something.

Stooped Old Maleva hobbles purposefully across the encampment, past other TRIBE MEMBERS who respectfully make way. She reaches a vantage point from where she can SEE... The DISTANT ROADWAY where Lawrence's carriage is passing.

Old Maleva's piercing eyes narrow, fixated.

EXT. TALBOT ESTATE -- LATER -- DUSK

The carriage at last passes under a vine-entangled STONE GATEWAY with a barely discernible "TALBOT" hewn into it. The long, ESTATE ROAD ahead is canopied by mighty TREES.

DOWN THE ESTATE ROAD / MONTAGE ENDS

Amidst once-impressive, now-neglected ORCHARDS...
TALBOT MANSION looms; majestic, though it's glory days are long past. Two-storied. Two wings. Weathered and aged.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TALBOT HOUSE, FRONT DOOR -- NIGHT

With the carriage heading away in the B.G., Lawrence sets down his TWO SUITCASES. He gathers his nerve, straightening his clothing and hair. Hesitant, he KNOCKS, entering...

INT. TALBOT HOUSE, GRAND HALL -- NIGHT

The DOOR CREAKS, as Lawrence enters.
He passes through the wood-paneled ENTRY PARLOR, CROSSING into the giant, Victorian-Gothic GRAND HALL.

It's a cavernous room, with walls covered floor-to-ceiling in TAPESTRIES, PAINTINGS and all manner of displayed WEAPONRY; RIFLES, LANCES, SHIELDS and crossed SWORDS. Across the way, two STAIRCASES combine at a LANDING to lead up to the West and East Wing BALCONIES of the second-story.

Lawrence crosses, FOOTSTEPS ECHOING. There is a look and feel here of cobwebby, frayed-edged, smoke-darkened gloom and decay, as there will be everywhere throughout Talbot House. Gothic indeed. Everywhere, magnificence wanes.

Lawrence comes to stand before the Grand Hall's massive FIREPLACE, staring up at the OIL PAINTING hanging above... A PORTRAIT of his MOTHER; a youthful, olive-skinned beauty standing on the moors, her dress and raven hair flowing.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
"I will arise and go to my father, and I will say unto him...!"

His reverie broken, Lawrence turns to see...
Grey-haired, dashingly handsome **SIR JOHN TALBOT**, mid-60's, striding down the STAIRCASE, his mellifluous voice booming.

SIR JOHN
"Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee! And I am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants!"

Sir John reaches the bottom of the stairs, followed by his loyal DOG, an old hunting hound, SAMSON. Sir John is an imposing presence; a WELL-DRESSED man of the gentry, despite the odd worn cuff here and loose seam there.

SIR JOHN
And lo and behold, here he stands: the Prodigal Son returned. Shall I have my own robe brought to be placed upon your shoulders? Rings for your fingers and shoes your feet? Shall I kill the fatted calf?

LAWRENCE
Don't go to any trouble on my account.

SIR JOHN
Come, let me see you. Let me look at what kind of man you've become.

Lawrence walks to face Sir John, clears his dry throat.

CONTINUED

LAWRENCE
Hello, Father.

SIR JOHN
Lawrence.

They look at each other, no more than ten feet between them, silence hanging like a challenge. A chilly reunion.

SIR JOHN
Words fail me. When your telegram arrived to say you were coming, I couldn't bring myself to believe it. I've grown so accustomed to thinking I would never lay eyes on you again.

LAWRENCE
As have I.

Sir John SMILES wryly, walks to cross the vast room.

SIR JOHN
Of course, to be clear... it wasn't my idea to send for you.

LAWRENCE
I wouldn't have imagined so.

SIR JOHN
Not that you're not welcome, of course! We'll make room for you...
(to his DOG)
...won't we, boy? It's only that... I simply can't help wondering...

Sir John yanks a dusty, tasseled BELL PULL several times.

SIR JOHN
What difference could possibly be made by your being here? A fair question, I think.

Lawrence considers, restraining his anger.

LAWRENCE
I'll do whatever I can, I suppose, to aid my missing brother...

SIR JOHN
How noble you are!

LAWRENCE
Although, knowing so little yet, how can I give the answer you seem to want from me, Father?

SIR JOHN
Let me be the one to enlighten you.

Sir John turns on his heel, SHOUTING, so his VOICE ECHOES...

SIR JOHN
KENDALL!
(disgruntled)
Where in the hell...?

Entering through one ARCHWAY beneath the STAIRS, comes the balding and pasty butler, **KENDALL**, exasperated.

KENDALL
Yes, Sir John, yes. Here I am.

SIR JOHN
Wonderful, Kendall. Lawrence here will be our guest for... however long. Take his things up. Have Gwen meet us in the drawing room.

CUT TO:

INT. TALBOT HALL, DRAWING ROOM -- NIGHT

In the dark, cluttered, high-ceilinged DRAWING ROOM, Sir John pours much SCOTCH into TWO GLASSES on a LIQUOR TRAY.

SIR JOHN
Blackmoor's troubles began the day the wandering caravan arrived. Late-winter, ten months ago.

Lawrence looks up at ANIMAL HEAD TROPHIES, SAFARI PHOTOS, and WORLD MAPS adorning the walls. Sir John places one drink on a TABLE near Lawrence, goes to sit in a CHAIR by the blazing FIREPLACE which Samson lies near.

SIR JOHN
The Gypsies are quite willing to make a living from us; telling fortunes, trading and peddling goods. But, since many villagers still believe all Gypsies to be witches, a distance is kept. Although... it is rumored that, amongst the gentlemen of Blackmoor...

Lawrence looks at one PHOTOGRAPH: of YOUNG LAWRENCE and YOUNG BENJAMIN standing with MOTHER and SIR JOHN.

CONTINUED

SIR JOHN
Some men of questionable morals, upon a hunting excursion or out for an evening's constitutional, may discreetly make their way to the Gypsy encampment. There they are welcomed to partake of wine, women and song. Well... maybe not song.

At the DOORWAY, Gwen gives a small cough, entering timidly. There's no denying her fair beauty. Samson goes to her.

GWEN
Good evening.

Sir John stands to be polite...

SIR JOHN
Hello, Gwen.

...and immediately sits back down. Lawrence gives a nod.

LAWRENCE
Hello.

GWEN
I didn't expect you'd come. Please... don't let me interrupt.

Gwen pets Samson. She crosses to a corner, looking small.

SIR JOHN
Six weeks ago, a Gypsy named Victor; a blackguard and thieving criminal, finished serving a lengthy prison term in London. He returned to the tribe, only to find his Gypsy wife far along in a pregnancy.

LAWRENCE
The child was not his?

SIR JOHN
His absence was too great. And so, this Victor dragged the unfortunate woman, Carmilla, into the village. He brought her before our Justice of the Peace, saying Blackmoor parish owed him justice.

A CLOCK begins CHIMING. **7:00**. Sir John stands.

SIR JOHN
Seven o'clock already. We must leave.

LAWRENCE
Leave? Where are we...?

Sir John's already striding out the door.

EXT. TALBOT HOUSE, GREAT LAWN -- MOMENTS LATER -- NIGHT

Sir John walks from TALBOT HOUSE. Lawrence and Gwen follow. ON THE LAWN, ahead, a STABLE BOY brings THREE HORSES.

LAWRENCE
Why would this husband go outside his tribe? Unless, he felt the village did the wrong to him.

SIR JOHN
Exactly. Victor had beaten a confession out of his wife. She told how her secret lover was one of the men of Blackmoor.

GWEN
She will not say who it is.

SIR JOHN
For which she's spent the last month and a half jailed; to be held until she tells his name.

LAWRENCE
You still haven't said what all this has to do with Benjamin.

Gwen's troubled, unable to bring herself to say it. Lawrence sees this. Sir John is likewise saddened...

SIR JOHN
Benjamin is suspected.

LAWRENCE
As the father? It cannot be true.

SIR JOHN
Squire Strickland has called a Public Hearing for tonight. I must be there to speak for your brother.

Sir Lawrence and Gwen go to take their horses' reins. Sir John climbs ably up onto his great, WHITE STALLION. Stable Boy gives Gwen a boost as she mounts her horse.

SIR JOHN
You can still ride can't you, Lawrence?

Sir John and Gwen ride towards the ESTATE ROAD. Sighing, Lawrence takes his horse, climbs expertly on. He rides.

EXT. TALBOT ESTATE ROAD -- MOMENTS LATER -- NIGHT

Sir John, Gwen and Lawrence ride abreast.

LAWRENCE
Benjamin's no adulterer. He's not capable of such treachery.

SIR JOHN
On that the three of us at least agree. However... on the first full moon night during Carmilla's imprisonment, there was a killing...

FLASHBACK / EXT. THE MOORS, MURDER SITE -- MORNING

With the MONOLITHS in the distance, SEVERAL FARMERS stand along with the Blackmoor CONSTABLE, in his rural POLICE GARB, his BICYCLE near. All stare in horror at a mutilated, HEADLESS CORPSE lying on the BLOOD-SOAKED GROUND.

BACK TO SCENE -- TALBOT ESTATE ROAD -- NIGHT

SIR JOHN
A shepherd was slaughtered. His person torn and scattered.

FLASHBACK / EXT. THE MOORS, MURDER SITE -- MORNING

Now with the FARMERS and CONSTABLE in the distance, we see a SMEAR of BLOOD on one STONE MONOLITH. A man's SEVERED HEAD lies nearby, neck ragged, EYES WIDE. FLIES swarm.

BACK TO SCENE -- TALBOT ESTATE ROAD -- NIGHT

Sir John, Gwen and Lawrence ride on.

GWEN
Done by some... beast. Or made to look like it.

SIR JOHN
The peasantry claim a devil-creature was called by a curse placed on us by Carmilla; or was conjured by those Gypsies sympathetic to her plight.

GWEN
They say a Loup-Garou stalks the witching hour of the full moon.

LAWRENCE
A werewolf? Are you serious?

CONTINUED

SIR JOHN
Whoever committed the murder did so to stir superstitious fears, in the hope that Carmilla would be set free.

GWEN
It was one day after the killing, when Benjamin went missing.

SIR JOHN
Found gone, some of his clothing and belongings taken. As if he'd fled.

LAWRENCE
And he said nothing before he left? He gave no indication...?

GWEN
No, he... he said nothing.

Lawrence watches her, senses something. She averts her gaze.

LAWRENCE
Are you certain?

GWEN
He said nothing.

SIR JOHN
The longer he's gone, the more rumors spread and fester. So, tonight... to defend Benjamin means defending the gypsy Carmilla.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACKMOOR VILLAGE, TOWN SQUARE -- NIGHT

As the DOOR of the **JAILHOUSE** opens, an O.S. CROWD is HEARD REACTING. The very pregnant Gypsy, **CARMILLA**, in SHACKLES, bewitchingly lovely despite her pale, ailing appearance, is lead out by the gorillalike JAILER. Sir John follows, grim.

The CITIZENS of Blackmoor pack the lamp-lit, COBBLESTONE STREETS of the SQUARE; mostly poor, peasant FARM FAMILIES. Some SHOP WORKERS, LABORERS and SERVANTS. An awesome GUARDIAN ANGEL STATUE -- wings spread, SWORD raised -- stands at the crowd's center. SHOP OWNERS watch from the DOORWAYS of the bordering **TAVERN** and **STOREFRONTS**. WIVES and DAUGHTERS lean out 2nd-story, residential WINDOWS.

ON THE JAILHOUSE STAIRS

Carmilla is lead down a few steps, facing the crowd, her green eyes fearful. Sir John follows to stand with her.

CONTINUED

At the JAILHOUSE DOOR: out struts the haughty magistrate, **SQUIRE STRICKLAND**, 60, long-haired, immaculately bedecked.

IN THE SQUARE

Lawrence and Gwen climb the tiered BASE of the ANGEL STATUE to stand where they can see over the gathering.

Behind the crowd, in the open-air FORGING WORKSHOP of his BLACKSMITH SHOPPE, the brawny, Irish blacksmith, **JAMES FITZGERALD**, comes to watch. He's soot-covered, in a leather APRON. His WIFE joins him, cradling their infant CHILD.

ON THE JAILHOUSE STAIRS

Strickland surveys the crowd, raises a hand. CROWD QUIETS.

STRICKLAND
My friends... we all know why we are gathered here.
(pointing down)
This man has suffered an injustice...

IN THE SQUARE

AT THE FRONT OF THE CROWD, given wide berth by VILLAGERS, stands **VICTOR**, Carmilla's thuggish, Gypsy husband, wearing an EYEPATCH. He's flanked by Old Maleva, the fortune teller, and **BELA**, the gaunt, waxen-skinned Gypsy Chief.

ON THE JAILHOUSE STAIRS

STRICKLAND
A great wrong was done to him. Done by this woman... his own wife!

Carmilla hangs her head, her features bathed in cold sweat.

STRICKLAND
She carries a bastard child conceived in the sinful act of adultery.

IN THE SQUARE

The CROWD MURMURS, agitated. Beneath the TAVERN'S "Sword of God" SIGN, several of the town's more elderly and most wealthy GENTRY stand watching: the distinguished **DOCTOR LLOYD**; the broad-shouldered, walrus-moustached **COLONEL MONTFORD**; and the wizened, dour-faced **PASTOR FISK**. Other plump, drunken LAND OWNERS stand amongst them, DRINKING.

ON THE JAILHOUSE STAIRS

Strickland plays to the cheap seats always.

CONTINUED

STRICKLAND
She refuses to say who in Blackmoor Village is the father. Why is that? Has it something to do with the full moon evening, when blood and gut were spilled onto the moor!? And what about the note; secretly nailed to this very door in the dead of night one day later...?

Strickland thrusts out a PIECE of PAPER... A scrawled NOTE and DRAWING of a PENTAGRAM: ***"RELEASE HER OR OTHERS DIE"***

STRICKLAND
A threat made against us all, with the next full moon tomorrow!

IN THE SQUARE

Beyond the ANGRY CROWD, lanky **CONSTABLE NYE** (seen in the FLASHBACK) arrives on his BICYCLE, PIPE in mouth.

ON THE JAILHOUSE STAIRS

STRICKLAND
Who made the threat? For us to find the truth, she must confess her fellow adulterer's name!

As the CROWD VOICES assent, Strickland glances to Sir John.

IN THE SQUARE

UNDER THE STATUE, at the CACOPHONOUS center of the SHOUTING CROWD, Lawrence and Gwen look around in despair.

ON THE JAILHOUSE STAIRS

Sir John steps forward, facing the gathering, raising his hands. The CROWD begins QUIETING, respectfully.

SIR JOHN
Please, if I may...! You all know me. You know the Talbots have and always will be one of the pillars of this community. I am an honorable man. As such, I must ask again... by what law, Squire Strickland, is this woman held, when adultery is no crime?

STRICKLAND
Yes, well... I'm not surprised you'd like to see her freed and forgotten, Sir John. Wasn't it your son said to have frequented the Gypsy camp?
(more)

STRICKLAND (CONT.)
Your son; Benjamin, who was witnessed in heated arguments with this woman, and who visited her while she was jailed...?

SIR JOHN
What kind of man are you, to make such accusations against my son?!

STRICKLAND
These are facts, not accusations. The crime is economic! Should this forgiving husband be left unfairly responsible for the financial burden of the bastard child? I think not.

SIR JOHN
That is the reason you pretend so you may exert your puritanical will. You wish to disgrace whoever dared to have relations with a lowly Gypsy! So you overstep the bounds of your authority by jailing her, while you slander my family's good name!

STRICKLAND
If that is what you truly believe, let the debate be opened to all...
(addressing the CROWD)
If there is anyone who also feels this woman is the aggrieved party, say so now! Make yourself heard!

SIR JOHN
Except who would dare speak against you, as you are principal landowner and Justice of the Peace?

STRICKLAND
Nonsense. Yes, many are indebted to me... but everyone knows I am a fair and open-minded man. They know they can speak freely, so...
(addressing CROWD)
Again; if you side with her, as Sir John does, speak! You think I am unjust? I beg you, raise your voice!

IN THE SQUARE

UNDER THE STATUE, Lawrence and Gwen look to the surrounding crowd as EVERYONE grows HUSH.

AT THE BLACKSMITH SHOPPE, James Fitzgerald watches, empathetic. He sets his jaw, steps forward, about to speak... His WIFE reaches to stop him. He sees the fear in her eyes.

CONTINUED

AT THE TAVERN, the GENTRY exchange sheepish looks (except stone-faced Fisk), knowing they will not speak out.

ON THE JAILHOUSE STAIRS

In the silence, Carmilla shuts her eyes, shedding a tear. Strickland, arms out, turns to Sir John.

STRICKLAND
A telling silence. Deafeningly so.

Sir John can say nothing more, solemnly defeated.

LAWRENCE'S VOICE (O.S.)
(from across the square)
My brother is innocent!

IN THE SQUARE

EVERYONE TURNS en masse, looking...
UNDER THE STATUE, Lawrence stands at Gwen's side.

LAWRENCE
I am Lawrence Talbot, and I would stake my life that Benjamin is not the father. Whoever is... can't you see she's trying to protect you...?!
(imploringly, to VILLAGERS)
How can you keep silent while she suffers this way, all to save you from harm? I beg you, reveal yourself!

ALL AROUND Lawrence and Gwen, not one person speaks. No one.

ON THE JAILHOUSE STAIRS

STRICKLAND
Another heartfelt, familial plea. Alas, met also with an empty sound.
(turns to Carmilla)
If she will not tell, so be it! We hold her longer still!

As the Jailer steps forward...
Carmilla stands, in shackles, tearful.

CARMILLA
No! No more! I'll tell...

The GASPING CROWD returns all attention to Carmilla.

CARMILLA
I'll tell you all! I'll keep the secret no longer!

The CROWD'S QUIETING as Carmilla looks to the apprehensive Sir John. She wipes tears, looks out, gathering courage...

CONTINUED

CARMILLA
It is Benjamin... Benjamin Talbot.
You have my confession.

As the CROWD REACTS, EVERYONE TALKING... SHOUTING...
AT THE BASE OF THE STAIRS, Victor's enraged, charging up the stairs towards Carmilla! The Jailer steps up to block the way -- shoves Victor back! Bela comes to restrain Victor.

Strickland's smiling, triumphant. He nods...
The Jailer walks to take Carmilla's arm, pulling her up the steps. Sir John bows his head, stricken, despairing.

IN THE SQUARE

UNDER THE STATUE, Lawrence and Gwen are stunned.

GWEN
No! It's... it's not true.

Gwen climbs down, distraught, PUSHING through...

LAWRENCE
Gwen! Gwen!

She SHOVES past villagers, running away into the CROWD.

CUT TO:

INT. TAVERN -- NIGHT

A smoke-filled meeting of town elders. Strickland, Doctor Lloyd and Colonel Montford sit at a TABLE, drinking. Other fat LAND OWNERS smoke, drink and whisper amongst themselves.

COLONEL MONTFORD
Tomorrow comes the full moon. Do you let the whore go or not?

DOCTOR LLOYD
If I'm permitted to speak in my good friend Sir John's defense...

The BARKEEP serves more BOOZE. Sir John is seated by the FIREPLACE, staring into his MUG, brooding forlornly.

STRICKLAND
You needn't defend anyone, Doctor. We're all on the same side. I more than anyone wish Ben would appear.

COLONEL MONTFORD
You know how it looks, Sir John. There are those who believe Benjamin's hiding away, till she's released and the gypsies go. Even more think he is the murderer...

SIR JOHN
I don't give a damn what people think! To hell with them all!

COLONEL MONTFORD
W...well.

DOCTOR LLOYD
(to Strickland)
Still, it does seem your crusade has reached its end, Squire, with the man she's implicated nowhere to be found.

BARKEEPER
I know where he is! You want to know?! That lost soul's spellbound in her curse; out in the wilderness somewhere, living like a mad animal... till the full moon calls him again to do her red work! You'll see, tomorrow night!

Pastor Fisk observes, by the BAR where Constable Nye leans.

CONSTABLE NYE
Please do keep that supernatural claptrap to yourself!

PASTOR FISK
No. There may be something to it.

EVERYONE looks to spooky Pastor Fisk, QUIETING.

PASTOR FISK
The devil is able to touch our world. There are such demons that walk like men, and men who walk like demons.

Silence lingers, the FIRE HEARD CRACKLING.

DOCTOR LLOYD
Well, I'm not certain what that means, but if she's still jailed by the Quarter Sessions, there'll be hell to pay. Beg pardon, Pastor Fisk.
(to Strickland)
She's made the confession you demanded, hasn't she?

COLONEL MONTFORD
The note said others will die!

DOCTOR LLOYD
Yes, Colonel, but we don't know who left the note, who did the murder, or even if they are the same person!

CONTINUED

STRICKLAND
Enough. Enough!
(sighing deeply)
Let the full moon rise and fall. If there's no other killing, Carmilla will be released to her husband. He may deal with her however he sees fit.

SIR JOHN
And the child? What if it is truly my grandchild she carries?

STRICKLAND
What of it? Once this is done, the tribe will move on. Feel free to follow them if you like, but they will be Blackmoor's problem no longer.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARM FIELD / UNFINISHED HOUSE -- NIGHT

Lawrence rides his horse through low FOG, carries a LANTERN. Ahead is the fine FRAMEWORK of a far-from-finished HOUSE at forest's edge. Lawrence dismounts, bringing the lantern.

INSIDE THE FRAMEWORK, Gwen stares up to the STARRY SKY.

LAWRENCE
My father said I might find you here.

GWEN
Welcome to... our house. Not yet a home. On the farthest edge of the your family's estate. I used to laugh that this is as far as I could get Ben to move from Talbot Hall.

LAWRENCE
Further than I would have expected.

Gwen smiles faintly, looks back up. The surrounding WOOD FRAMING describes a large, simple TWO-STORY STRUCTURE.

GWEN
Not that there's been much work on it. Not lately.

LAWRENCE
He'll be back. He will.

Gwen's sad, wanting to believe. They walk.

GWEN
Thank you for what you said tonight.

CONTINUED

LAWRENCE
I meant it. He was and always will be the good brother. The good son. Unlike myself.

OUTSIDE THE FRAME, Gwen and Lawrence walk with the unfinished house behind them, open FIELD before them.

GWEN
I confess, after meeting you in London, I didn't... hope for much. From your behavior. Your drinking, and that... woman. I...

LAWRENCE
Yes. Well, I may be more than I first appear. Or less.

They stop, looking to the distant LIGHTS of the GYPSY CAMP.

LAWRENCE
You claimed Benjamin said nothing unusual before he left. Is that the full truth of it?

Gwen looks at him, uncertain what to say.

LAWRENCE
Whatever you're hiding, I hope you'll trust me enough soon to tell me.

Behind, a HORSE SNORTS. Lawrence and Gwen turn, startled... Old Maleva and Bela are there on horses, like eerie specters.

LAWRENCE
Hello? What do you want?

Old Maleva rides closer. Bela slowly circles, eyeing them. Lawrence steps protectively in front of Gwen.

OLD MALEVA
You. You are the young Talbot?

LAWRENCE
In a manner of speaking.

OLD MALEVA
You should return to wherever you are from. The path you're on leads to the end of you.

LAWRENCE
(unnerved, sarcastic)
As much as I'd like to take your advice, I'm afraid I can't.

Lawrence is keeping an eye and lantern on Bela. Bela stops.

CONTINUED

GWEN
You are the fortune teller?

OLD MALEVA
Maleva the Seer.

GWEN
Then, see his brother.... my fiance, Benjamin. Please tell us where he is.

Old Maleva's piercing eyes fix on Gwen a moment. Suddenly, Old Maleva yanks her horse's reins, riding off. Lawrence aims his lantern up at Bela's glowering face.

LAWRENCE
You don't say much, do you?

Bela kicks his horse, riding to follow Old Maleva. Lawrence and Gwen watch. Old Maleva halts, turning back...

OLD MALEVA
I will ask the spirits. If they know of your brother... I will find you.

Old Maleva rides to follow Bela away into the night.

CUT TO:

EXT. TALBOT HOUSE, GREAT LAWN -- DAWN

GRAY MORN. Constable Nye peddles his BICYCLE fast across the GREAT LAWN. He leaps off, bounding up the STAIRS...

INT. TALBOT HOUSE, GRAND HALL -- CONTINUOUS

The FRONT DOOR swings wide as Constable Nye storms in, stumbling, GASPING to catch his breath... SHOUTING OUT...

CONSTABLE NYE
Disaster!

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN SQUARE, BLACKMOOR JAILHOUSE -- MORNING

Amongst some gathered VILLAGERS, Lawrence watches as... Carmilla's ENSHROUDED CORPSE, entirely wrapped in CLOTH except for her face, is carried down the STAIRS of the JAILHOUSE, shouldered by SIX GYPSY MEN.

A COIN has been placed on each of Carmilla's closed eyes.

ON THE STREET, an enclosed GYPSY WAGON awaits. Old Maleva stands with Carmilla's husband, Victor. Bela's on horseback. They watch, creepily emotionless, as...

Carmilla's BODY is loaded into the back of the wagon.

Old Maleva looks up at Lawrence, then climbs in.

The wagon's DRIVER begins slowly driving away as Victor, Bela and all the other GYPSIES follow along.

INT. JAILHOUSE, HOLDING AREA -- MOMENTS LATER -- DAY

Lawrence enters. A utilitarian DESK and CABINETS are located across from THREE empty, metal-barred CELLS. Sir John, Constable Nye and Squire Strickland stand at the first open CELL, where Doctor Lloyd kneels. Jailer's in the B.G.

DOCTOR LLOYD
She was cold as the grave. The baby was motionless inside her.

A NECKLACE Carmilla wore lies on the floor, its AMULET open, like a locket, with RED POWDER spilled out from inside it.

DOCTOR LLOYD
There is a remnant of the Gypsy poison here, whatever it is.

Lawrence approaches as Doctor Lloyd rises. Sir John moves past, stepping away, lost in thought.

DOCTOR LLOYD
It might have been passed to her by someone in the tribe. She might have had it with her the whole time.

CONSTABLE NYE
Why? Why kill herself now?

STRICKLAND
Who knows? Abandoned by Benjamin. Deathly afraid, I'm sure, to face her husband's wrath. Whatever her reasons, there's no question she took her own life.
(considering)
Good riddance. To her and all of them.

Sir John slowly turns. He strides back towards Strickland... Sir John PUNCHES Strickland! He SWINGS again, but he's grabbed by Lawrence and Doctor Lloyd, held off. Strickland recovers, furious, nose bloodied.

STRICKLAND
What the devil... !?

DOCTOR LLOYD
What's come over you, John?!

CONTINUED

SIR JOHN
You might as well have killed her yourself, Strickland, damn you!

Sir John pulls free of Dr. Lloyd and Nye, angry.

SIR JOHN
Tell me... how will my son clear his name!?! Now that she's... she's...
(venting rage)
How will he ever return to prove his innocence now?! Tell me that.

He grabs a CHAIR, HURLS it...
SHATTERS the GLASS of a CABINET!

CUT TO:

INT. TALBOT HOUSE, GRAND HALL -- DAY

Lawrence descends the stairs, slowing as he sees Samson lying on the floor, on his belly, head down. Samson lifts his chin to look at Lawrence, WHIMPERS, lays back down.

INT. TALBOT HOUSE, DINING ROOM -- DAY

Lawrence enters. A long DINING TABLE stands beneath THREE grand, cobweb-covered CHANDELIERS. Sir John is seated at the far end, feet up, drunk, a half-empty BOTTLE held. His untucked shirt bears the TALBOT FAMILY CREST on its pocket.

SIR JOHN
Ah... Mr. Talbot, Esquire. Just the gentleman I'm looking for...

Sir John rises. Lawrence remains by the door.

LAWRENCE
Are you alright?

SIR JOHN
I've been meaning to ask you. Explain again exactly how it is you make your living. Pretending you're someone else? Playing at life? How bloody appropriate...

LAWRENCE
You should rest, Father. You've probably had enough to drink today.

Sir John DRINKS. He SLAMS the table with the bottle, drags the bottle along the table as he walks the length of it.

SIR JOHN
Am I alright, you asked?
(more)

CONTINUED

SIR JOHN (CONT.)
Am I alright?! Good Christ! I want someone to tell me... someone tell me, please... how could this have happened that you are here and he is not? WHERE IS MY SON!?
(agonized pause)
What wouldn't I give... to have it be you the one missing instead. You do know that, don't you?

Lawrence swallows hard, refusing to let out his sorrow.

LAWRENCE
Of course I do.

SIR JOHN
Until yesterday, you were missing. So forgive me if I doubt I'll begin to rely upon you at this late date.

LAWRENCE
Yes, sir.

SIR JOHN
You are your brother's opposite. Never worth a damn. You're not even man enough to stand up for yourself, are you? Say something. Don't just stand there. Defend yourself, goddamn you! Defend yourself!!

Lawrence just clenches his jaw, tears welling up. Sir John's spent, pulls out a CHAIR to sit. Stares forward.

SIR JOHN
Get out of my sight.

Lawrence turns to leave, falters upon seeing... THRU THE DOORWAY: Gwen in the HALL, mortified for him.

GWEN
I'm... I'm sorry, I...

Lawrence struggles mightily to maintain his composure as he walks out, passing Gwen, walking on.

CUT TO:

INT. TAVERN -- DUSK

Strickland addresses a handful of VILLAGERS, a few GENTRY amongst them. Constable Nye smokes his PIPE by the door.

STRICKLAND
Ask me? Drink up, I say. Head home.
(more)

STRICKLAND (CONT.)
Spend the night behind lock and key, merely as a precaution. That's what I'll be doing, and here's to it...
(raises his MUG)
An uneventful evening.

EVERYONE toasts, DRINKING. Constable Nye exits...

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE, TAVERN -- MOMENTS LATER -- DUSK

NIGHT NEARS. Constable Nye gets onto his BICYCLE. He takes a REVOLVER from the POUCH on his handlebars, checks it. He puts the gun back, straightens his hat, nervous.

Nye RIDES off through the SQUARE, circling the ANGEL STATUE. Streets are deserted. SHOPS are CLOSED. WINDOWS SHUTTERED.

In some of the SECOND STORY WINDOWS, a few VILLAGERS peer out. CURTAINS are pulled SHUT. Everyone's hiding, wary.

DOWN THE STREET, as Nye rides by the CHURCH...
UNDER THE CHURCH'S ENTRYWAY, Pastor Fisk looks out, watching Nye pass. Fisk shoves the heavy CHURCH DOOR SHUT.

EXT. TALBOT HOUSE, GREAT LAWN -- DUSK

Skies over Talbot Hall darken. Sir John, Doctor Lloyd and Colonel Montford, in heavy JACKETS, walk to their HORSES. Kendall, the butler, follows, overburdened with SHOTGUNS and HUNTING BAGS. Lawrence follows Kendall.

Sir John, Dr. Lloyd and Colonel Montford mount. Kendall hands up the guns and supplies.

SIR JOHN
We'll keep watch, covering as much ground as we can till dawn. For no reason whatsoever, I'm certain.

COLONEL MONTFORD
I hope to God you're right about that.

SIR JOHN
(impassively, to Lawrence)
Still. Stay in. Keep this on you.

Sir John offers a PISTOL, which Lawrence steps up to accept. Sir John, eyes hung-over-bloodshot, doesn't look at him.

DOCTOR LLOYD
Shall we?

Sir John, Dr. Lloyd and Colonel Montford RIDE OFF. Lawrence looks at the gun in hand, looks to Talbot Hall... Where Gwen stands SILHOUETTED in the front doorway.

EXT. BLACKMOOR OUTSKIRTS -- NIGHT

A FULL MOON edges over the horizon.

EXT. PEASANT MULTI-FAMILY DWELLING -- INTERCUT -- NIGHT

Chimney SMOKE WAFTS from a large, thatched-roof PEASANT HOMESTEAD. One PEASANT MALE stands guard, RIFLE in hand.

IN THE PEASANT DWELLING

FIRE in the FIREPLACE. PEASANT FAMILIES; FATHERS, MOTHERS and many CHILDREN, are crowded into this common dwelling, EATING at the rough-hewn, communal TABLE. Everyone's quiet, tense. Several of the MEN share worried glances. MANY RIFLES are propped up by the FRONT DOOR.

INT. TALBOT HOUSE, GRAND HALL -- NIGHT

Gwen enters to find Lawrence looking up at his MOTHER'S PORTRAIT. After a moment, Lawrence turns to see Gwen.

GWEN
Tell me about her.

LAWRENCE
(looks to PAINTING)
The kindest soul. Without equal.
(remembering)
We spent endless hours together in this very room. Playing music... reading books aloud, and plays. Acting out favorite scenes. She was able to fill this house with warmth, if you can imagine.

GWEN
What happened? I mean... do not say, if you feel you cannot. It's just... Ben and your father refuse to speak of her.

Lawrence looks to Gwen, his mood darkening.

IN THE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Lawrence and Gwen appear in the DOORWAY of an EMPTY ROOM.

LAWRENCE
This was my bedroom. When I was ten years old, one night, a storm woke me. I started down the hallway...

He leads Gwen down the hall, past the dusty audience of ANIMAL HEAD TROPHIES (familiar from the OPENING SCENE).

DOWN THE HALL

Lawrence approaches the closed DOOR of the MASTER BEDROOM.

LAWRENCE
My parents' bedroom. There was something liquid on the floor.

Lawrence steps up, uses one finger to push the DOOR OPEN. He stares into the DARK BEDROOM.

LAWRENCE
My father held her as she died. She'd killed herself. Slit her wrists. Blood was... everywhere.
(pause)
I never even knew why she did it.

GWEN
I... didn't know. I'm sorry.

ON THE STAIRS, GRAND HALL

Lawrence, still lost in remembrance, descends with Gwen.

LAWRENCE
There's a lot I don't remember. My mind was affected, they say.
(troubled pause)
I spent months in an insane asylum, in London. Father sent me. Till I could cope with my mother's death.

They return to the GRAND HALL. Gwen's listening, saddened.

LAWRENCE
In that nightmare; the asylum... I lived strapped down. Drugged. Lost amongst the screaming mad. It truly was a hell. That much I recall.
(pause)
I was returned home, "cured." I lasted five more years till I ran away, at fifteen. To America.
(looking around)
I've spend my whole life traveling the world so I would be anywhere but here, and yet... here I am!

EXT. THE MOORS -- NIGHT

Constable Nye, smoking his pipe, rides his bike on Blackmoor Road, through the wasteland moors. A LANTERN hangs from his handlebars. He stops to check his POCKET WATCH. It's **12:21**.

EXT. BLACKMOOR, FOREST -- NIGHT

With the FULL MOON high in the night sky...
The quiet of the deep forest is broken by the SOUND of SOMETHING MOVING this way, SNAPPING BRANCHES and SHOVING THROUGH FOLIAGE as it goes. We catch only the merest GLIMPSE of a BESTIAL SHADOW; some CREATURE, MOVING FAST...

POV -- THROUGH THE CREATURE'S EYES

We are a BEAST on two feet; our animalistic BREATHING HEARD as we CHARGE HEADLONG through the vine-ensnarled FOREST.

INT. TALBOT HOUSE, GRAND HALL -- NIGHT

Gwen stands facing away from Lawrence, greatly troubled.

GWEN
I want to confide in you, Lawrence. I have not told anyone. Not even your father.
(pause)
From the moment Carmilla was jailed, Benjamin was not himself. He...

Gwen hesitates as FOOTSTEPS are HEARD.
ACROSS THE ROOM, Kendall walks to tend to the FIREPLACE.

GWEN
Not here. Come with me.

EXT. GYPSY ENCAMPMENT -- NIGHT

The camp is quiet, with LIGHTS in the windows of only a few of the WAGONS. Campfires are out, still smoldering. SHADOWS move across one large TENT from inside...

IN THE GYPSY TENT

TWO FEMALE GYPSIES sit watching a THIRD lay TAROT CARDS on a crooked TABLE. A LANTERN throws their SHADOWS as Third Gypsy speaks an unintelligible INCANTATION over each card.

POV -- THROUGH THE CREATURE'S EYES

We LOOK OUT from dense foliage, WATCHING the GYPSY CAMP. We MOVE FORWARD... SEEING the SHADOWS against the TENT ahead.

IN THE GYPSY TENT

Third Gypsy keeps intoning, laying down card after card. She stops, looking to the other two Gypsy women, nervous. Third Gypsy WHISPERS as she slowly turns one more CARD...

The GRIM REAPER; death card. Third Gypsy stands, afraid.

POV -- THROUGH THE CREATURE'S EYES

We SEE the FULL SHADOW of Third Gypsy stark against the tent fabric and WE CHARGE FULL SPEED ahead...

IN THE GYPSY TENT

Something HUGE falls against the tent behind Third Gypsy as a horrible MOUTH CLAMPS DOWN upon the back of Third Gypsy's head -- sharp FANGS piercing the tent fabric!

Third Gypsy SCREAMS as the GROWLING creature -- seen only as a monstrous SHAPE against the tent -- is violently THRASHING Third Gypsy! The other Gypsy women SHRIEK!

Third Gypsy's SCREAMING as BLOOD FLOWS OUT from her mouth!

ACROSS THE GYPSY CAMP

HEARING the CARNAGE, GYPSY MEN rush out from other TENTS. Victor exits one WAGON, RIFLE held, running to the SCREAMS.

INT. TALBOT HOUSE, DRAWING ROOM -- NIGHT

Gwen leads Lawrence in, SHUTS the DOOR, her voice hush.

GWEN
Benjamin sent me away before the first full moon. He insisted I stay with my parents in London. He wouldn't say why, only that he'd send for me. But, he never sent word...

LAWRENCE
Because he had disappeared.

EXT. GYPSY ENCAMPMENT -- NIGHT

FOLLOW: Victor sprinting across the camp, rifle up... Ahead, the other two Gypsy women flee from the TENT as we FOLLOW Victor INTO THE TENT... SEEING the back of the tent'S ripped WIDE OPEN, bloodied. Victor leaps THROUGH THE HOLE...

OUTSIDE, Victor FALLS to the ground, his rifle dropped! He rolls to see he's tripped over Third Gypsy's MUTILATED CORPSE. A guttural O.S. GROWL is HEARD...

POV -- THROUGH THE CREATURE'S EYES

We're about 100 feet from Victor. He looks at us, horrified, just as we MOVE FORWARD. Victor scrambles to retrieve his rifle, managing one panicked SHOT -- the BULLET *WHIZZING* past -- as we LEAP onto him and he's SCREAMING.

IN THE DRAWING ROOM -- NIGHT

GWEN
Ben knew something terrible was going to happen under the full moon.
(sorrowful pause)
How could he have known?

A distant, chilling HOWL is HEARD from OUTSIDE...
Gwen and Lawrence react, looking. Lawrence crosses to throw one WINDOW OPEN. From across the night, another other-worldly HOWL is HEARD; the harrowing HOWL of the WEREWOLF!

EXT. THE MOORS -- NIGHT

Constable Nye freezes mid-peddle, pipe falling from his mouth as the HOWL is HEARD in the distance ahead. He rolls to a stop. Another HOWL is HEARD. Sounds CLOSER.

Nye looks over his shoulder to the far VILLAGE LIGHTS.
He turns his bike, starts peddling back.

EXT. GYPSY ENCAMPMENT -- NIGHT

Victor lies dead, his still bleeding THROAT RIPPED OUT.

POV -- THROUGH THE CREATURE'S EYES

We've moved on: RAGING across the desolate moors...
SCRAMBLING through swampy patches... LEAPING over rocky outcroppings... LANDING mid-stride, incredibly agile!

EXT. THE MOORS -- NIGHT

Constable Nye rides, legs pumping, in the erratic light thrown by his wildly swinging LANTERN. The village is close.

POV -- THROUGH THE CREATURE'S EYES

We RACE between the ancient STONE MONOLITHS...
SEEING something ahead which makes us QUICKEN PACE: the FIGURE of fleeing CONSTABLE NYE and the light of his LANTERN.

EXT. BLACKMOOR VILLAGE -- MOMENTS LATER -- NIGHT

FOLLOW: Constable Nye biking at incredible speed into the VILLAGE. He glances back, gasping, pulling out his PISTOL.
He looks, FIRING -- BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG...!

Nye drops the emptied weapon with a CRY, facing front to try desperately for more speed, flying past STOREFRONTS...

CONSTABLE NYE
Help! Help me!!

POV -- THROUGH THE CREATURE'S EYES

We're GAINING on Nye, on the verge of overtaking...

INT. APOTHECARY SHOPPE -- CONTINUOUS

Just as Constable Nye's ZOOMING by, the hulking BEAST -- seen only as a BLUR of MOTION -- TACKLES Nye, carrying him, bike and all, in through the SHATTERING FRONT WINDOW!

CUT TO:

PITCH BLACK. We HEAR Constable's Nye's SCREAMS and the horrid, wet SOUNDS of the SNARLING BEAST TEARING HIM APART.

FADE IN:

EXT. GYPSY ENCAMPMENT -- DAWN

PALE MORNING. In this trampled FIELD where the camp once stood, there are now only THREE GRAVEMARKERS. Fresh GRAVES.

The GYPSIES are gone...
Their CARAVAN seen slowly moving away in the distance.

AMONGST THE CARAVAN (IN MOTION)

The Gypsy's laden, lumbering WAGONS are leaving Blackmoor behind. Many GYPSIES follow on their heavily-loaded HORSES.

ON THE LEAD WAGON: Bela works the reins. Old Maleva is beside him, dressed in black FUNEREAL GARB. She casts one last look back over her shoulder, then faces front, pulling her black SHAWL up over her head.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACKMOOR VILLAGE, APOTHECARY SHOPPE -- DAWN

CLOSE-ON: a large, BESTIAL FOOTPRINT, left by a clawed foot in the DRIED MUD of the street. The FOOTPRINT of a WEREWOLF.

Pastor Fisk kneels, examining the footprint. Strickland, Sir John, Dr. Lloyd and Col. Montford stand over him.

DOCTOR LLOYD
By the time we all made it back here, just before dawn... the attack had already taken place.

As Pastor Fisk stands, we PULL BACK: to REVEAL...
Fisk and the gentry elders are at the center of attention, surrounded by MANY VILLAGERS watching anxiously.

IN THE APOTHECARY SHOPPE

Inside the shattered window, FLIES BUZZ.

CONTINUED

Lawrence stands looking O.S. into the shop, HANDKERCHIEF to his mouth. Pastor Fisk, Strickland, Sir John and Col. Montford move through the CROWD outside, entering.

They all look in disbelief upon the attack's aftermath... WALLS and CEILING SPLATTERED with BLOOD and bits of TORN FLESH... Constable Nye's MANGLED BICYCLE on the floor, pieces of GORE hanging off its spokes...

PASTOR FISK
This... is the devil's work.

...and Constable Nye's ravaged and barely recognizable CORPSE lying strangely twisted in one corner. An ARM and LEG MISSING. Lower torso TORN OPEN, shiny ENTRAILS spilt.

It's too much for Col. Montford, RETCHING, quickly exiting. Pastor Fisk looks to Strickland. Fisk slowly nods.

PASTOR FISK
There's no denying... it is a werewolf. Our village is cursed.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNFINISHED HOUSE -- DAY

FOLLOW: Gwen RIDING FULL GALLOP on her horse... She rides towards her FRAMEWORK HOUSE. She sees... Lawrence on horseback, mid-field. She rides towards him.

ACROSS THE FIELD, Lawrence sits on his horse, staring off at the work-in-progress house from this distance. Gwen arrives.

LAWRENCE
You heard?

GWEN
(nods, her brave face)
If you left... you'd have every right. If you left and never looked back, no one could blame you. No one.

Lawrence considers, looks to Gwen.

LAWRENCE
Until my brother returns to live in this house with you, I'll stay. I make that promise to you... to myself.

Gwen's relieved more than she might like to show, heartened.

GWEN
(quietly)
Thank you.

FADE OUT:

CONTINUED

From BLACK, faintly at first, GUNFIRE is HEARD... BOOMING...

INSERT TITLE: ***"28 DAYS LATER"***

FADE IN:

EXT. TALBOT HALL, GREAT LAWN -- DAY

A line of PEASANTS stands SHOOTING RIFLES. Lawrence and Sir John are on horseback, observing from behind these DOZEN or so RIFLEMEN. Sir John has a large HUNTING RIFLE strapped to his back. TALBOT HALL is in B.G.

LAWRENCE
(shouting to RIFLEMEN)
Steady your aim! Take a knee if you must! Target the heart!

ACROSS THE LAWN: the targeted line of SIX ragged SCARECROWS is taking sporadic fire, TORN here and there by the BULLETS.

LAWRENCE
The heart is the kill shot!

Impatient with the results, Sir John pulls his mighty, big game RIFLE off his shoulder, AIMS over the others -- FIRES!

BOOM! The TOP HALF of one SCARECROW EXPLODES!

Everyone stops firing, looking to Sir John, Lawrence included. Sir John's pleased with himself... notices them.

SIR JOHN
What?! I'm certain the heart was in there somewhere.

Lawrence and Sir John share a LAUGH.

LAWRENCE
(to RIFLEMEN)
Alright, men... keep practicing. We have two more days. Two days from now, it is the night of the hunt.

More GUNSHOTS ECHO from across the GREAT LAWN. Sir John and Lawrence ride off in that direction...

ACROSS THE GREAT LAWN

NEARER THE ORCHARDS, there's another TRAINING AREA where PEASANTS on horseback RIDE a COURSE while FIRING PISTOLS... SHOOTING at TARGETS mounted on distantly spaced POSTS.

OTHER PEASANTS and VILLAGERS (and horses) wait their turn. Col. Montford's trudging over from this area, passing a PICNIC of gentry WIVES, CHILDREN and FEMALE SERVANTS.

CONTINUED

COLONEL MONTFORD
(muttering to himself)
It'll take more time than we've got to train up this motley group.
(waves over to WIVES)
Afternoon, ladies. Yes, hello.
(returns to muttering)
We're all doomed.

MID-LAWN, Col. Montford joins Strickland and Dr. Lloyd, sitting at an incongruous mahogany TABLE and CHAIRS. There's a MAP of Blackmoor spread out on the tabletop. Kendall's serving an elaborate afternoon TEA on fine CHINA.

STRICKLAND
(to Dr. Lloyd)
We've searched from the forests to the moors. Each of us tread every inch of our lands and found no evidence of any "unwelcome visitor."

COLONEL MONTFORD
(accepting TEA)
Yes, it's one thing if this man-beast comes from... out there somewhere...
(WAVING to the distance)
Quite another if it is amongst us.

Lloyd and Strickland share a look, mulling this unhappily.

COLONEL MONTFORD
Could be anyone. Could be someone's cursed and doesn't even know it.
(staring off, fretting)
A werewolf... he's the worst of man and beast; killing not for food or in self-defense, but for killing's sake.

Sir John and Lawrence arrive, dismounting.

STRICKLAND
Half the village has left for the city already. Everyone who remains is at each other's throat.

DOCTOR LLOYD
I stitched up five drunken brawlers in the village last night alone.

STRICKLAND
Killing this creature means saving our community from itself.

GUNFIRE is HEARD as training continues in the BACKGROUND. SOMEONE is RIDING THIS WAY from far across the property.

CONTINUED

LAWRENCE
No more word from London?

STRICKLAND
No officer has hurried to take Constable Nye's position, not surprisingly, considering the manner in which it was vacated.

SIR JOHN
London sends promises of help; never the help itself. We're on our own.

DOCTOR LLOYD
They most likely think us mad. *I* think us mad, so why shouldn't *they*?

STRICKLAND
Yes, it all seems laughable in the light of day, but wait till when the full moon returns.

All the men nod, agreeing. Kendall nods, still serving.

COLONEL MONTFORD
On that midnight hour, the shadow of the monster will fall upon us again.

SIR JOHN
I can't help wondering how different things might be except for the actions of certain persons.

STRICKLAND
(bristling)
If you refer to certain persons who are still unaccounted for, I'm inclined to agree.

Sir John looks likely to swing again. Strickland stands.

LAWRENCE
Stop this, please.

DOCTOR LLOYD
Quite. We've all of us ended up in this together. Leave it at that.

Sir John backs down, fists clenched. He walks, going off to watch the continuing RIDING and PISTOL TARGET-PRACTICE.

LAWRENCE
We'll be ready. Whatever creature it is will be defeated.

DOCTOR LLOYD
Speaking of which...

They look to see it is the brawny blacksmith, Fitzgerald, riding across the lawn. He arrives, dismounting...

FITZGERALD
Greetings, sirs.

STRICKLAND
Afternoon, Mr. Fitzgerald. What have you brought us?

FITZGERALD
What was contracted, but let me take an appreciation of this moment... that such fine gentlemen would be eagerly awaiting the arrival of my lowly self. Can't imagine another circumstance will ever provide me with the same celebrity.

COLONEL MONTFORD
Get on with it, man!

FITZGERALD
At your service, Colonel...

Fitzgerald unties TWO, heavy LEATHER BAGS from his saddle, lugs them over to the table. Everyone stands.

FITZGERALD
Blessed by Pastor Fisk...

Fitzgerald overturns one BAG onto the Blackmoor MAP... Spilling out MANY gleaming SILVER BULLETS.

FITZGERALD
Said to be all that's good for killing werewolves.

They all look upon the bullets with a kind of reverence. Lawrence reaches to pick up one SILVER BULLET, examines it.

LAWRENCE
Have we all gone mad? Is this just some kind of... mass hysteria?

DOCTOR LLOYD
What happened to the good Constable was real enough.

STRICKLAND
If the only thing silver does that lead can't is steady the hand of the man firing the gun, that's still enough for me. Let it be silver.

ACROSS THE LAWN, Sir John watches as...
One PEASANT rides, SHOOTING at the targets, missing most.

SIR JOHN
Lawrence!

Lawrence looks over. He obediently goes to mount his horse. He rides over to Sir John and the pistol-training PEASANTS. Strickland, Dr. Lloyd and Col. Montford walk over to get a better view. Fitzgerald follows.

Lawrence reaches down to take the PISTOL Sir John holds up.

SIR JOHN
Show them again how it's done.

LAWRENCE
(to the PEASANTS)
Ride at the targets. It's no contest of distance, so bear down. Make each of your six shots count. You won't have much chance to reload in the thick of the hunt.

Lawrence KICKS his horse and he's off...
He rides quickly into the training area, ZIG-ZAGGING towards each mounted TARGET as he's SHOOTING the pistol...

HITTING TARGET...
...after TARGET...

...after TARGET! Each DEAD ON! He's an able marksman.

Sir John watches, grinning proudly as...
Lawrence rides back. The gentry politely APPLAUD.

SIR JOHN
Nicely done, son. Excellent.

The significance of those words is not lost on Lawrence.

LAWRENCE
Thank...thank you, sir.
(offers PISTOL back)
You taught me well in my youth. I'm still surprised I retained any of it.

SIR JOHN
Of course you did. You're a Talbot. It's in your blood.

Sir John walks back towards the gentry.
Lawrence is surprised, stirred by his father's approval.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARM FIELD / UNFINISHED HOUSE -- DAY

Lawrence rides, holding the reins of Gwen's horse to guide it since Gwen rides while holding her hands over her eyes. As they cross the FIELD, O.S. HAMMERING is HEARD.

GWEN
How much further? Can't I look yet?

LAWRENCE
Have some patience.

GWEN
Patience? You've kept me away for weeks. I'm fed-up with patience!

Gwen's grinning, amused. Lawrence is pleased. They travel a little further. Lawrence dismounts, going to help Gwen down. He guides her a few steps, positions her.

LAWRENCE
Okay. You may look.

Gwen finally lowers her hands, opening her eyes...

They stand before Gwen's now nearly complete 2-STORY HOUSE. The outer STONEWORK and WOODWORK are almost finished. Only a few WINDOWS are in place so far and LABORERS are still working on the ROOF, but it's very nice indeed.

GWEN
Oh... oh, my, it's... beautiful.

Overwhelmed by emotion, Gwen turns to wrap her arms around Lawrence's neck, KISSING his cheek. Lawrence is surprised. Gwen releases him, immediately realizing, blushing.

GWEN
Forgive me. I... I didn't mean to... I was only...

LAWRENCE
Gwen. There's nothing to forgive. Now, please, if you wouldn't mind...
(smiling)
Why don't you go in? See for yourself. This is your home.

Gwen nods. She looks upon the house a long moment. Tears come to her eyes. Lawrence sees, his smile fading.

GWEN
My home... and Ben's.

CONTINUED

Gwen walks to the house. Lawrence watches her go inside, absently reaching to touch his cheek where she kissed him.

CUT TO:

INT. TALBOT HALL, GWEN'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Gwen stirs under her BEDCLOTHES, having trouble sleeping.

INT. TALBOT HALL, LAWRENCE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Lawrence lies in his BED, wide awake. A SOUND is HEARD from somewhere; like a CREAKING DOOR. Lawrence sits up.

IN THE HALLWAY

Lawrence looks out, pulling on a SHIRT. FLOORBOARDS CREAK.

IN THE GRAND HALL

Lawrence comes to look over the BALCONY railing...
BELOW: the LIGHT of a LANTERN heads down one HALLWAY underneath the stairs, casting SOMEONE'S lengthening SHADOW.

Lawrence finds this very strange, heading downstairs.

INT. TALBOT HALL, CONSERVATORY -- NIGHT

Lawrence enters, looking across the expansive, empty CONSERVATORY. Glinting LANTERN LIGHT from outside plays across the sweeping GREENHOUSE WINDOWS above.

Lawrence quickly crosses, his breath fogging a WINDOW as...

LAWRENCE'S POV -- THROUGH WINDOW

Sir John can be seen, in a heavy COAT, using the LANTERN to make his way across the manor's neglected, hillside GARDENS.

IN THE CONSERVATORY

Lawrence backs away from the window, perplexed.

GWEN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Lawrence?

Lawrence spins to see Gwen crossing towards him.

GWEN
Who was that?

Lawrence puts a finger to his lips.

EXT. TALBOT HALL, REAR GARDENS -- NIGHT

Lawrence and Gwen follow Sir John's path through the GARDENS.

CONTINUED

AHEAD, Sir John's LANTERN LIGHT heads into the dark FOREST nearby, throwing erratic SHADOWS.

Lawrence nods forward, offering his hand to Gwen. Gwen hesitates for the merest moment, then she reaches to take Lawrence's hand and they hurry after Sir John.

IN THE FOREST

Lawrence and Gwen, still holding hands, travel a PATHWAY through the foliage. Sir John's FIGURE and his LANTERN'S GLOW can be seen far ahead. Lawrence and Gwen slow as...

They reach a CLEARING surrounded by wrought IRON FENCING. It is the Talbot family GRAVEYARD. Generations old. At least 30 HEADSTONES. At center stands a large, ornate TOMB. THREE new CANDLES BURN in the melted wax on the steps of the tomb where many a candle has burned before.

Lawrence releases Gwen's hand as they solemnly approach.

The FLICKERING LIGHT off the candles dances across the tomb's elaborate CARVINGS, ILLUMINING the LIKENESS of Lawrence's MOTHER'S FACE, her eyes shut, etched in the GRANITE of the TOMB DOOR. Below are the WORDS...

"Anna Talbot, beloved wife and mother. Taken by tragedy."

Lawrence backtracks to the TRAIL, looking ahead to where... The whole of the forest is DARKNESS. No sign of Sir John.

CUT TO:

INT. TALBOT HALL, DRAWING ROOM -- MORNING

Sir John sits staring into the cold FIREPLACE, brooding, petting Samson at his side. As it often does, his SHIRT bears the TALBOT FAMILY CREST. Behind, Lawrence enters.

LAWRENCE
Father. I saw you go out last night. Followed you, actually, to the forest.

SIR JOHN
Why didn't you join me?

LAWRENCE
I lost sight of you.

SIR JOHN
I couldn't sleep. Wandering the woods quiets my mind's anguishing.

Sir John stands. Samson walks over to lick Lawrence's hand.

CONTINUED

LAWRENCE
There's... there's no truth, is there, to the rumor that Benjamin may be hidden nearby? Looked after by someone? Perhaps... somehow afflicted.

SIR JOHN
No. There is no truth to it.

Sir John crosses to stand close to Lawrence.

SIR JOHN
With all that's befallen this household of late... I've been meaning to put into words some... expression of gratitude.

LAWRENCE
You're trying to say thank you?

SIR JOHN
Yes, yes. That said, when the time comes tonight... I don't care what you have to do; what excuse you have to make... you must not participate in the hunt.

LAWRENCE
You're not serious?

SIR JOHN
Don't ask me to explain. Just do as I tell you. There will be plenty of us out there without you...

LAWRENCE
You... you know I cannot...

SIR JOHN
I ask this one thing of you, as your father. This once, heed my word!
(trying to calm)
With your brother still gone, you and I are all that remains of this family. If anything were to happen to me... you may very well be the last to carry on the Talbot name.
(pause, commanding)
Ride out if you must, but break off from the group. Return here to hide. Just stay away, you hear? Stay away!

Sir John walks, exiting. Lawrence is left bewildered. Samson BARKS up at him, goes to follow Sir John.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST / WATERFALL -- DAY

Lawrence and Gwen stand at a CLIFF'S EDGE, facing the incredible view beyond the steep drop. Across the ROCKY CHASM, a slender WATERFALL cascades.

GWEN
Some days, I expect to see him riding up to Talbot Hall. Others, I know in my heart some terrible fate must have befallen him.
(pause)
More often now, I think Benjamin simply... left. Moved on to start some other life without me...

LAWRENCE
No.

GWEN
Perhaps with someone else.

LAWRENCE
No.

GWEN
We don't know. We may never.

LAWRENCE
I have something for you. Forgive me for not giving it to you sooner...

Lawrence takes out an old, folded ENVELOPE from his jacket pocket. He takes a LETTER from the envelope.

LAWRENCE
You already know Ben and I wrote each other when we could. This letter, from last year... I've carried it with me since. He wrote...
(READING from LETTER)
"Her family, of Reeves Lane, Londontown, visits often with friends here. Her name is Gwen. Gwen Conliffe. She is so fair as to take your breath away. I only wish somehow you could meet her, my brother, to see with your own eyes how I have been blessed."

Gwen listens, greatly affected by Ben's words.

LAWRENCE
"I am in love. I can tell only you... I plan to ask her hand in marriage.
(more)

LAWRENCE (CONT.)
I pray she will have me, for I cannot live without her."
(refolding LETTER)
This man would never leave you. He will let nothing prevent him from returning to you, so long as he is able. Bleak as the situation may seem... don't give up hope.

Lawrence offers the letter. Gwen accepts it, grateful.

LAWRENCE
We should head back.

They walk INTO THE FOREST, leaving the beautiful WATERFALL.

GWEN
Why carry it? Why this letter?

LAWRENCE
I realized, long ago... by running away; by taking my freedom, I denied Benjamin any chance at his own. I shackled him to my father. And Ben, in his goodness, stayed behind to be my father's son all these years.

GWEN
I don't believe he saw it that way.

LAWRENCE
He knew nothing else... had no other option, because of me. His whole life, he barely even stepped foot outside of Blackmoor.
(pause)
That letter showed that Ben's destiny did find him. You. You are the happiness I was afraid he might never know.

EXT. FOREST / CASTLE RUINS -- DAY

Still DEEP IN THE FOREST, Lawrence and Gwen return to where their TWO HORSES are tied to a tree. The impressive RUINS of an ancient CASTLE stand on this site. The castle's crumbling BATTLEMENTS and tall TOWERS are broken away in places to reveal cross-section views of cavernous ROOMS and STONE STAIRWELLS, all overgrown and tangled with vines.

LAWRENCE
Kendall will take you with him into the village tonight.

CONTINUED

GWEN
I can stay at Talbot Hall if you leave me a weapon.

LAWRENCE
Alone? I'm afraid that's out of the question. The safest place for you will be with everyone else.

FROM INSIDE THE RUINS -- SOMEONE'S POV...

...WATCHES Lawrence and Gwen. Someone is LOOKING OUT from the RUINS as Lawrence helps Gwen climb up onto her horse.

IN THE FOREST CLEARING

Lawrence now climbs onto his own horse.
The SOUND of FALLING STONES causes him to look back...

ON THE RUINS, FRAGMENTS of aged STONE tumble from beneath a dark HOLE high on one tower. No one in sight.

FURTHER DOWN THE FOREST TRAIL -- MOMENTS LATER

As they ride, Gwen studies Lawrence.

GWEN
People have begun to talk, that we spend so much time together.

LAWRENCE
Let them talk. They enjoy talking.

Lawrence smiles. Gwen smiles.

GWEN
How is it you are so very unlike the man I first met? I still can't reconcile it.

LAWRENCE
If I can't reconcile it, how can you expect to?
(off Gwen's look)
I am an actor. Sir John said it... that I "play at life." Onstage; the hero, the lover, or the clown. Offstage; the cad, numbed by drink and promiscuity. Who I am truly...?
(pause)
Anyone but myself.

GWEN
Well, I like you fine, Lawrence Talbot. Whoever you are.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACKMOOR VILLAGE, CHURCH -- DUSK

Nightfall. FOG rolls in. A THRONG of the village's CITIZENS makes its way to the CHURCH. Pastor Fisk stands by the ENTRYWAY, watching everyone file up the STAIRS.

ON VARIOUS SURROUNDING ROOFTOPS, armed MEN are stationed.

Amongst the CROWD of weary and wary VILLAGERS and FARM FAMILIES making their way into the sanctuary (many men bearing FIREARMS), we may recognize blacksmith Fitzgerald's WIFE carrying their INFANT. A fretful Kendall escorts Gwen.

AT THE DOORWAY, Gwen looks unhappily back, then goes inside.

CUT TO:

EXT. OVER BLACKMOOR -- NIGHT

Low in the inky sky, a FULL MOON burns brilliantly.

EXT. TALBOT HALL, FRONT DOOR -- NIGHT

FOLLOW: as Lawrence comes out from Talbot Hall accompanied by Dr. Lloyd. They walk, both carrying RIFLES.

DOCTOR LLOYD
Your father and I have been friends for, well... more years than this old man cares to count. I was there, Lawrence, when you came into this world. And over these past weeks, even in the midst of everything... I'm glad to have made your acquaintance.

LAWRENCE
Likewise, Doctor.

DOCTOR LLOYD
I believe you've been a great comfort to John. He'd tell you himself, I'm certain... would that he were capable of such sentiment.

Doctor Lloyd and Lawrence share a rueful smile.

LAWRENCE
I'm sure you're right.

They walk on, continuing to...

THE GREAT LAWN

Where a breeze carries the undulating, thickening FOG. In the light of many LANTERNS, THREE HUNTING PARTIES gather, all heavily armed.

CONTINUED

Each PARTY consists of FOUR or FIVE PEASANTS/HUNTERS on horseback; ONE HOUNDSMAN, on foot, each restraining FOUR HOUNDS on short leashes; along with...

...Sir John and Fitzgerald heading up PARTY ONE; Strickland and Col. Montford leading PARTY TWO; and finally, Lawrence and Dr. Lloyd joining PARTY THREE. All are on their HORSES.

SIR JOHN
I've been here many times before. On the savannahs and in the jungles of the Dark Continent. I have a feeling you will learn what it is to pit yourself against a worthy adversary tonight. Remember... never underestimate your prey.

STRICKLAND
This fog complicates matters, to say the least. If, as legend claims, the werewolf strikes at midnight...
(looks at POCKET WATCH)
....won't be long now. Godspeed.

As everyone begins to MOVE OUT...
Sir John makes sure to pass close to Lawrence, staring him down, while Lawrence tries to pretend not to notice.
Each group begins heading in a different direction.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACKMOOR FORESTS -- NIGHT

Deep in bleak, foggy FOREST, Sir John's hunting party slowly moves through, following their Houndsman and dogs. Before long, the hounds begin BARKING excitedly.

The Houndsman looks nervously back to Sir John.
Sir John holds up one finger.

The Houndsman releases one dog, which goes RUNNING...
Quickly disappearing in the fog.

Sir John, Fitzgerald and the Hunters ride to give chase.

FOLLOW: Sir John's party moving quickly, guided by the BARKING, avoiding TREES and ducking BRANCHES in the mist. They charge down a HILLSIDE, halting as they come upon the hound barking and growling at a large, impenetrable BRAMBLE.

FITZGERALD
Something's in there.

Sir John holds up a hand, keeping the others back.
He and Fitzgerald warily advance, PISTOLS aimed...

Behind, the Hunters aim RIFLES, targeting the thicket.

CONTINUED

The dog's still barking furiously at the bramble.
Suddenly, a FOX leaps out, bolting away.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH -- NIGHT

MEN guard the WINDOWS. CHILDREN sleep in BLANKETS on PEWS and on the floor. VILLAGERS stand in worried little groups. Pastor Fisk stands on the ALTAR STAIRS, reading his BIBLE.

Gwen is seated in the front pew, staring with tired eyes. Kendall's beside, having fallen asleep on Gwen's shoulder. A CLOCKTOWER BELL is HEARD TOLLING from outside. EVERYONE begins talking, whispering.

Pastor Fisk closes the Bible, looking up.

Gwen looks up, troubled.

EXT, BLACKMOOR VILLAGE, TOWN SQUARE -- NIGHT

Over the empty SQUARE, the CLOCKTOWER TOLLS. 12 O'CLOCK.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MOORS -- NIGHT

FOG'S THICKER. Strickland and Col. Montford's party trails their Houndsman and his rooting hounds across the open ground of the heath. From across the moors: the HOWL of the WEREWOLF is HEARD, not far away.
The hounds go crazy.

All in the party react, wide-eyed.
Strickland looks to the terrified Col. Montford.

EXT. FOREST'S EDGE -- NIGHT

Elsewhere, Lawrence and Dr. Lloyd's group traverses a FIELD, leaving FORESTS at their back. The WEREWOLF'S long, almost mournful CRY reaches them from FAR BEHIND. Everyone freezes.

DOCTOR LLOYD
You hear that?

LAWRENCE
To the south! The moors!

They all turn, riding back toward the forest.

ON THE MOORS

The dogs bark wildly, straining at their leashes.
Strickland, Col. Montford and the others struggle to control their jittery horses. Another HOWL is HEARD, very near now, just beyond the enveloping blanket of fog.

COLONEL MONTFORD
Saints preserve us! It's here!

STRICKLAND
(to the Houndsman)
Now, man! Loose them!

The Houndsman obeys, letting his hounds free...
All four dogs race off together, gone from sight in the mist.

Strickland's party LISTENS, weapons at ready as...
Unseen in the miasmic gloom: the HOUNDS are HEARD BARKING as they converge; GROWLING furiously as they're ATTACKING something! From the SOUNDS of the ensuing, violent STRUGGLE, there comes the savage ROAR of the WEREWOLF!
The DOGS YELP, being slaughtered...being silenced.

FROM THE FOG: one DOG'S mutilated BODY is THROWN...

Landing with a bloody-wet THUD before the spooked horses!

FROM THE FOG: a lone, surviving hound SPRINTS OUT, fleeing.

Strickland raises his PISTOL -- SHOOTING! Col. Montford and the others join -- BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! -- FIRING blindly into the fog bank where the hounds were killed.

STRICKLAND
Hold your fire! Wait!

Everyone stops shooting. Listening.
The WEREWOLF'S ROAR comes from elsewhere, farther.

STRICKLAND
It's on the run! Come on!

Strickland rides towards that last roar...
Followed without hesitation by the four other Hunters.
Leaving only Col. Montford gaping down at the ripped-up HOUND bleeding-out on the ground before him.

Col. Montford decides, turning his horse, retreating.

INT. FOREST -- NIGHT

FOLLOW: Lawrence riding hard, leading his team through the fog-shrouded forest with Dr. Lloyd close behind.

Suddenly, Lawrence's horse rears up...
Lawrence is nearly thrown, struggling with the reins.

CONTINUED

As Dr. Lloyd and the Hunters halt, Lawrence leaps down.

Lawrence walks, holding up his LANTERN to REVEAL...
A bloody WHITE STALLION lying DEAD, utterly eviscerated.
Sir John's horse, clearly killed by the werewolf.

DOCTOR LLOYD
Good Christ.

LAWRENCE
(grim realization)
My father's horse.

DOCTOR LLOYD
Lawrence, over here!

Doctor Lloyd climbs down from his horse, going to a nearby BODY lying face down. Lawrence runs over just as Dr. Lloyd turns the CORPSE. It's a dead HUNTER from Sir John's party, covered in blood, eyes and mouth wide, his face CLAWED.

DOCTOR LLOYD
One of your father's men!

Lawrence stumbles back, swallowing sickness, dismayed.
The HOWL of the WEREWOLF is HEARD, distant.

LAWRENCE
(to HUNTERS)
You men, ride on to the moors. Go!

Their five fellow Hunters obey, riding.
Lawrence pulls his PISTOL, striding onward, gun in one hand and lantern in the other, searching the forest.

LAWRENCE
(shouting)
Father! Father!

EXT. THE MOORS -- NIGHT

FOLLOW: as Strickland and his party's four Hunters GALLOP HEADLONG, pistols raised, into the swirling mists...

STRICKLAND
Show yourself, monster!

Suddenly, a BEASTLY FIGURE rises quickly FROM THE FOG...
PULLING DOWN the Hunter to Strickland's right!

Strickland and the remaining Hunters ride on, only just realizing... seeing the now riderless horse amongst them.

STRICKLAND
No!

Behind, the MAN is HEARD CRYING OUT in agony!

CONTINUED

FOLLOW: as Strickland splits off to ride back. He's advancing quickly on SOMETHING barely seen in the gloom... The BEAST is hunkered over the HUNTER'S prone BODY! As Strickland SHOOTS, the BEAST leaps away! Gone.

Strickland halts his horse, looking upon the eviscerated, dead HUNTER whose SEVERED ARM lies near.

ELSEWHERE ACROSS THE MOORS

Col. Montford rides, glances back, spurring his horse on. He thunders past an old, crooked SIGN without noticing it... Over SKULL and CROSSBONES: **"Keep out! Dangerous bog!"**

FURTHER ON, Col. Montford's glancing back once more when his horse suddenly SPLATTERS into the BOG -- tripped up and falling -- THROWING Col. Montford!

Col. Montford lands with a SPLASH in swampy QUAGMIRE! He gasps, rolling onto his belly, knee-and-elbow-deep in the muck. He looks up to see his horse, nearer the bog's edge, splashing its way to solid ground.

COLONEL MONTFORD
No! Come back here! Come back!

The horse runs off. Col. Montford looks around, begins struggling to extricate himself, desperately afraid.

INT. FOREST -- NIGHT

Lawrence and Dr. Lloyd are on foot, calling out...

LAWRENCE
Father!

DOCTOR LLOYD
Sir John!

They soon come upon another grisly discovery... One more HUNTER from Sir John's party, lying dead on his back; half of him, actually, since his LEGS ARE GONE.

DOCTOR LLOYD
What Hell have we wandered into?

A GURGLING CRY is HEARD ahead. Lawrence and Dr. Lloyd look, running towards the sound. Someone's lying half-propped up against a tree...

It's Fitzgerald, bloody and barely alive, clutching his RUPTURED throat. Lawrence and Dr. Lloyd fall to their knees beside him. Fitzgerald tries to speak, unintelligible.

LAWRENCE
We're here, Fitzgerald, we're here.
Can you help him, Doctor?

CONTINUED

Doctor Lloyd presses his hand over Fitzgerald's, trying to stem the flow of BLOOD POURING out between their fingers.

DOCTOR LLOYD
His... his throat's torn open. He's lost so much blood...

Fitzgerald GURGLES urgently at Lawrence, brings up his free hand, in a fist, trying to give Lawrence SOMETHING.

LAWRENCE
Isn't there anything we can do?

Dr. Lloyd sadly shakes his head. Fitzgerald makes a last attempt to speak, BLOOD BUBBLING from his lips. His eyes roll up. With a final, rattling gasp, he slumps.

EXT. THE MOORS -- NIGHT

One HUNTER SLAMS the ground, holding his BLOODY FACE as... He's DRAGGED AWAY, his foot caught in his horse's stirrup.

NEARBY

Strickland turns his horse, hearing the SOUND of that MAN'S SCREAMS traveling out there in the fog. GUNSHOTS echo. SOMEONE else is YELLING, followed by the WEREWOLF'S ROAR!

Strickland's unnerved, looking all directions...
Not far away, the grouping of STONE MONOLITHS is vaguely silhouetted. Strickland rides there.

AMONGST THE MONOLITHS

Strickland rides to the center of the ancient, ceremonial circle. The WEREWOLF'S ROAR nears. The FIGURE of the WEREWOLF materializes, MOVING quickly, outside the circle.

Strickland SHOOTS between the monoliths, targeting the elusive BEAST, till the revolver's EMPTY.

Strickland leaps down from his horse, pulls his RIFLE and AMMO BAG from the saddle. He SLAPS his horse's flank, sends the horse running. Strickland shoulders the rifle...

He turns, peering down the sight; keeps turning and aiming, frantically trying to cover all possible entry points. FROM BEHIND: the SHAPE of WEREWOLF appears, CHARGING straight at the oblivious Strickland...

Strickland is THROWN, flailing -- SMASHING with bone-crushing force against one of the immutable monoliths!

He crumples limply to the ground. Certainly dead.

ACROSS THE MOORS

IN THE QUAGMIRE: the more Col. Montford struggles, the deeper he sinks. He's in nearly up to his waist in the grasping muck, terror and exhaustion taking their toll.

COLONEL MONTFORD
Help! Someone! Help me, please!

The only answer...the WEREWOLF'S HOWL. Montford gives a SOB.

INT. FOREST -- NIGHT

Dr. Lloyd places his jacket over Fitzgerald's corpse. Lawrence notices something peculiar, kneeling.

He takes a PIECE of CLOTH from Fitzgerald's fist.

Lawrence stands, studying the frayed piece of CLOTH. We DO NOT SEE yet what Lawrence is looking at, but Lawrence is shaken, looking at it in disbelief.

DOCTOR LLOYD
What is it? Lawrence?

Lawrence closes his hand on the cloth, his mind racing.

DOCTOR LLOYD
What's wrong?

LAWRENCE
That night, Doctor... the night Constable Nye was killed. You and Colonel Montford left Talbot Hall together with my father...

DOCTOR LLOYD
Yes, yes...

LAWRENCE
You... you said, that when you all got back to the village, the constable was already dead...

DOCTOR LLOYD
Yes, he was.

LAWRENCE
(urgently)
Tell me you were never apart from my father that night! Tell me that you were with him until the morning!

DOCTOR LLOYD
No. No, we...we had split up earlier, to cover more ground...

CONTINUED

Lawrence is mortified, chilled by this revelation.

DOCTOR LLOYD
We did meet up again in the village, but as I'd said, it was almost dawn by the time we all got there. What's this about?

Lawrence runs to where their horses are tied... He scrambles up onto his horse, RIDING away.

DOCTOR LLOYD
Where are you going?!

ON THE MOORS, AT THE BOG

Col. Montford struggles in the mire. It's hopeless. The WEREWOLF is HEARD ROARING. Col. Montford pulls his muddy PISTOL, trying to turn his body, trying to take aim.

FROM THE FOG: the SHAPE of the WEREWOLF materializes.

Col. Montford points his gun, blubbering. The WEREWOLF'S guttural, O.S. BREATHING is HEARD growing CLOSER. Col. Montford's hand is SHAKING badly. He tries to steady the gun in both hands, tears streaking down his dirty cheeks.

COLONEL MONTFORD
No...no...no...no...no...

The gun WOBBLES so wildly in his grip as to be useless. As the O.S. WEREWOLF GROWLS, Col. Montford decides...

COLONEL MONTFORD
No, Goddamn you! NO!

Montford jams the gun in his mouth, frightened out of his mind, pulls the trigger -- BLAM! -- literally out of his mind as BRAIN and GORE EXPLODE out the back of his head.

EXT. TALBOT HALL -- NIGHT

Lawrence rides pell-mell across the GREAT LAWN... Taking his horse straight up the front STAIRS of the mansion.

INT. TALBOT HALL, GRAND HALL -- NIGHT

Lawrence runs in, distraught, at his wit's end.

LAWRENCE
Father!

He runs halfway up the central stairs to the landing. At the top of the stairs, Samson comes to BARK down at Lawrence.

LAWRENCE
FATHER!!

Lawrence's VOICE ECHOES, unanswered. Samson's BARKING. Lawrence despairs, looking at the CLOTH he still holds...

It is a TORN SHIRT POCKET bearing the unmistakable TALBOT FAMILY CREST we've seen Sir John wearing many times.

FLASHBACK / EXT. TALBOT HALL -- NIGHT

As seen before, Sir John addresses the THREE HUNTING PARTIES, on horseback, gathered on the GREAT LAWN.

SIR JOHN
I have a feeling you will learn what it is to pit yourself against a worthy adversary tonight.

SLOW ZOOM IN: on Sir John's SHIRT POCKET where, even partly obscured by his JACKET, the CREST is easily recognizable.

BACK TO SCENE -- IN THE GRAND HALL

Lawrence closes his fist around the torn pocket, allowing his shock to be overtaken by rage and by determination. He bounds back down the stairs, striding towards the open front door, but stops, realizing something.

He turns, looking up... at Samson, still BARKING.

CUT TO:

EXT. TALBOT HALL, REAR GARDENS -- MOMENTS LATER -- NIGHT

Lawrence, LANTERN in hand, has Samson on a LEASH, letting the dog lead him from the GARDENS to the FOREST; where we saw Lawrence and Gwen follow Sir John the night before.

ON THE FOREST TRAIL

Lawrence pulls out Sir John's ripped POCKET, giving Samson a good sniff of it. Samson barks, following the scent into the foggy FOREST, quickly leading Lawrence.

They pass the eerie Talbot GRAVEYARD.

EXT. CASTLE RUINS -- NIGHT

Samson and Lawrence enter this clearing. The towering CASTLE RUINS appear menacing in the ghostly mist.

Samson guides Lawrence towards the ruins, heading across an uneven field of fallen STONES. Samson goes to start BARKING at a large HOLE in the CASTLE WALL.

Lawrence pulls Samson's leash, dragging him back. He ties Samson to a downed TREE, pets Samson's head.

INSIDE THE CASTLE RUINS

Lawrence ducks through the HOLE, warily entering a dank, moss-and-ivy-covered PASSAGEWAY. To the right, there's a dead end of fallen DEBRIS; to the left, a narrow STAIRWELL.

FOLLOW: Lawrence moving urgently DOWN the twisting and turning STAIRWELL, leading with his lantern.

IN THE CASTLE CATACOMBS

Lawrence exits the stairs into a TUNNEL PASSAGEWAY with empty BURIAL CHAMBERS in the walls. He holds his lantern down to examine FOOTPRINTS on the muddy floor. RATS scurry.

Lawrence runs, ignoring the squealing RATS which flee ahead and peer from the chambers. He approaches an unlocked, wrought IRON GATE across the passageway, pushes through.

Lawrence nears the tunnel's end, arriving at...
A massive, WOODEN DOOR, reinforced by a METAL SLATS.
He marvels at the door's SIX formidable LOCKS and huge CROSSBAR which can be dropped and locked across to keep *whatever* in. He grasps the door handle, PULLING...
It takes tremendous effort to swing the door OPEN.

INSIDE THE DOOR

Lawrence enters a large, tomb-like **VAULT**.
Straight ahead, a METAL CHAIR stands amongst a pile of many heavy CHAINS and SHACKLES. The CHAINS and even the CHAIR itself are BOLTED into the STONE WALL behind.

Lawrence approaches. The WALLS and FLOOR around the chair are COVERED in countless deep SCRATCHES. CLAW MARKS.

Lawrence lifts his lantern, looking up...
More SCRATCHES on the low, stone CEILING.

Lawrence turns, looking to the inside of the DOOR.
It's covered in METAL PLATING which is CLAWED and DENTED.

Lawrence crosses to a far wall, examining...
A SHRINE of sorts in a small ALCOVE. Melted WAX on the alcove shelf shows where CANDLES have burnt down amongst wilted FLOWERS under a framed PHOTO bolted into the wall...
A PHOTOGRAPH of the lovely Gypsy woman, CARMILLA.

CUT TO:

INT. FOREST -- NIGHT

Lawrence runs full out, PISTOL held, sprinting down the long forest trail back towards the --

Suddenly, the **WEREWOLF** LEAPS out from the dark forest with a ROAR -- SLAMMING into Lawrence with violent ferocity!

CONTINUED

Lawrence hits the ground, TUMBLING...

The Werewolf ROLLS off, SPRINGING agilely mid-roll... LANDING crouched, half-hidden in the foliage.

Lawrence struggles to recover, in great pain as he clutches his left arm which BLEEDS PROFUSELY through his CLAWED OPEN sleeve. He looks up to see...

The Werewolf rises to full height so we finally lay eyes upon him: truly half-man/half-wolf, bipedal, covered in dense, dark FUR with much GREY FUR on his face. He wears Sir John's PANTS and tattered SHIRT. His CLAWED hands, jowls and heaving chest are matted with fresh BLOOD.

Sir John's features are recognizable in the Werewolf's frightful visage, especially in the EYES; but there is no humanity there. The Werewolf is an animal.

The Werewolf lets out a ear-splitting ROAR, fangs bared!

Lawrence looks to his right...
Where his PISTOL lies not far away.

Lawrence dives towards the gun, reaching...
The Werewolf crosses the distance instantly...

SMASHING into Lawrence, CLAWS DIGGING IN; TEETH SINKING into Lawrence's shoulder as Lawrence CRIES OUT!

The Werewolf THROWS Lawrence...

Lawrence lands, stunned, his CLOTHING further SHREDDED, with deep, BLOODY LACERATIONS beneath.

Lawrence tries to rise, crawling, trying not to black out. The Werewolf comes to STOMP one clawed foot down on Lawrence's back, forcing him to the ground!

The Werewolf crouches over Lawrence, HOWLING victoriously, raising one clawed hand, about to strike the killing blow... A RIFLE SHOT is HEARD -- a BULLET EXPLODING into a TREE behind! The Werewolf spins, his attention captured.

ACROSS THE FOREST, Doctor Lloyd walks forward, aiming his smoking RIFLE, his horse in the fog behind him.

DOCTOR LLOYD
Lawrence!

As the Werewolf starts bounding towards Doctor Lloyd... Lawrence manages to lift his head, trying to focus.

LAWRENCE
Doctor, no... run...!

LAWRENCE'S POV

The Werewolf's storming across the forest. Doctor Lloyd FIRES again. As the Werewolf LEAPS to attack Dr. Lloyd, EVERYTHING SPINS as Lawrence is BLACKING OUT...

FADE TO BLACK

We HEAR DR. LLOYD'S SCREAMS. Then, THUNDER RUMBLING...

FADE IN:

FLASHBACK / INT. TALBOT HOUSE, BEDROOM -- NIGHT

LIGHTNING FLASHES. Young Lawrence, 10, sits up in his bed, looking fearfully to the darkness.

INT. TALBOT HOUSE, HALLWAY -- NIGHT

With the STORM HEARD raging outside, Young Lawrence peers out into the HALLWAY. An ANGUISHED HOWL is HEARD, but it's lost in the SOUND of THUNDER. Was it imagined?

Young Lawrence starts tentatively down the long, dark hall. LIGHTNING illuminates many big game, ANIMAL HEAD TROPHIES mounted one-after-another: TIGER... ELEPHANT... LION...

Young Lawrence walks, trying to ignore the freakish tableau.

DOWN THE HALL

Young Lawrence slows, looking ahead to... a DOOR ajar. LIQUID pools out from beneath, like black molasses.

Young Lawrence moves to push the DOOR OPEN...

IN THIS MASTER BEDROOM

A DARK SHAPE is hunched over, cradling the FIGURE of a WOMAN.

YOUNG LAWRENCE
Father... ?

The DARK SHAPE turns. LIGHTNING FLASHES across the bloody face of the WEREWOLF! It's Sir John, fully transformed into the Werewolf [without any grey fur], ROARING!

The cradled WOMAN'S HEAD falls back limply. It's Lawrence's MOTHER; her THROAT TORN OUT, BLOOD FLOWING to the floor.

The Werewolf drops her, turning towards Lawrence.

Young Lawrence stumbles back in horror...
Falling back against his brother, Benjamin, 12, arriving in the doorway. Benjamin, likewise terrified, raises a PISTOL to the room -- FIRES a BOOMING SHOT!

CONTINUED

The Werewolf's HIT in the side, thrown back, YELPING!

As Benjamin adjusts his aim through the doorway...
The Werewolf's already FLYING across the darkness --
SMASHING through a WINDOW -- gone into the STORMY NIGHT!

WE LOOK STRAIGHT DOWN: upon Benjamin and Lawrence's MOTHER lying in a POOL of BLOOD as the ROOM begins SPIRALING...

FADE TO BLACK

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Mister Talbot? Wake up, sir...

CLOSE ON:

WATER is THROWN in Lawrence's face, causing him to GASP AWAKE. He's groggy, disoriented.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Afternoon, Mister Talbot. We'll have you awake finally, if you please.

Angry SHOUTS and EXALTATIONS ECHO from elsewhere.
As Lawrence tries to regain his senses, we REVEAL...

INT. CELL, INSANE ASYLUM -- NIGHT

Lawrence is in a small, filthy ASYLUM CELL, seated in a WOODEN WHEELCHAIR. He's shirtless, with all the bruised, raw, werewolf-inflicted WOUNDS across his ARMS, SHOULDERS and CHEST sewn up in heavy twine STITCHES. Lawrence panics.

LAWRENCE
What... what is this...?

He struggles, his ARMS and LEGS BOUND to the chair. Bearded, bespectacled **DOCTOR HENDRICK**, in a dirty LAB COAT, watches. A CREEPY GUARD stands holding the WATER BUCKET.

LAWRENCE
What the hell is this!?

DOCTOR HENDRICK
Calm yourself, Mister Talbot, or I'll be forced to put you back under.

Lawrence realizes he's unable to break free, helpless.

DOCTOR HENDRICK
My name is Doctor Hendrick. You've been committed to The Lambeth Asylum, London. Not your first visit with us, apparently.

CONTINUED

LAWRENCE
No. That's... that's not possible... This isn't happening!

DOCTOR HENDRICK
Let's please try not to upset ourselves. You are here for your own good, after all.
(to CREEPY GUARD)
Bring him.

IN THE ASYLUM CORRIDOR

Creepy Guard pushes Lawrence in the squeaky wheelchair as Doctor Hendrick walks alongside. They pass other INMATES' CELLS. Lawrence is in a state of numb, horrified disbelief.

DOCTOR HENDRICK
You tried to kill yourself. Your father brought you to us. You are gravely injured, not just physically, but mentally as well. We've had to keep you heavily sedated, lest you tear loose your stitches again.

LAWRENCE
How long have I been here?

DOCTOR HENDRICK
A fortnight now. Spent ranting. Raving. You are severely delusional.

Lawrence glimpses INMATES in their cells: filthy, half-naked MEN, CRYING, spouting GIBBERISH and/or gesticulating wildly.

DOCTOR HENDRICK
Your father is a werewolf, you say. You believe your wounds were not self-inflicted, but caused when he attacked you in his... animalistic state. You also claim your father murdered your mother. Do you remember any of this?

LAWRENCE
(grimly)
I remember. I remember everything.

INT. LAMBETH ASYLUM, HENDRICK'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Lawrence is wheeled in. Sir John stands looking up at yellowed CHARTS of HUMAN ANATOMY which cover the walls of this cluttered, disorganized OFFICE.

Lawrence strains in angry frustration against his bindings.

CONTINUED

DOCTOR HENDRICK
Sir John.

SIR JOHN
Doctor. Would it be possible for me to visit privately with my son?

DOCTOR HENDRICK
I suppose, so long as you're careful.

CREEPY GUARD
I'll be right outside in the hallway, Sir, if he should become agitated.

Hendrick and Creepy Guard go. Sir John looks to Lawrence.

SIR JOHN
I tried warn you. I told you not to join the hunt.

LAWRENCE
Where's Gwen?

SIR JOHN
Gone. Probably somewhere here in London. What does it matter?

LAWRENCE
Doctor Lloyd?

SIR JOHN
Killed. Saving you, it seems. Dead along with Strickland and Colonel Montford.

LAWRENCE
You killed them.

SIR JOHN
Apparently. Though, only you and I know that. To everyone else, we and some peasants were the few survivors.

LAWRENCE
You... you killed mother.

This troubles Sir John. He nods, solemnly remembering.

SIR JOHN
Yes. Yes. So long ago...
(pause)
It's like a vague memory of a nightmare. A nightmare that began on a fateful African expedition. Kenya, 1863. Where the hunter became the hunted. What manner of creature attacked me, I did not know...

FLASHBACK / EXT. AFRICAN PLAIN -- NIGHT

By FULL MOON light, with his CAMP in the distance, Younger Sir John, RIFLE up, stalks through waist-deep GRASSLANDS.

A huge WEREWOLF SPRINGS up from the bush...
Sir John wheels, FIRING! -- too late as the fearsome, WEREWOLF is already upon him, SCREECHING!

BACK TO SCENE -- ASYLUM OFFICE

SIR JOHN
I barely fought the thing off, but not before I was bitten. So when I returned to Blackmoor and my family, to recover from my wounds... I had no idea a demon slumbered inside me. In my very blood.

FLASHBACK / EXT. TALBOT HALL, MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

The bloody-faced WEREWOLF that Sir John has become drops MOTHER'S BODY, turning towards Young Lawrence in the doorway.

BACK TO SCENE -- ASYLUM OFFICE

Sir John is truly remorseful.

SIR JOHN
At the time, I was fully prepared to take my own life. How could I not, after what I had done? Except... it was not me.
(looks to Lawrence)
When the transformation comes, I cease to exist. I have no control over the beast... nor recollection of its actions, afterwards. I was as much a witness to the tragedy of your mother's death as you were.

LAWRENCE
Is that what you tell yourself?

SIR JOHN
Believe what you want. I mourn her every day.
(looking around)
As for this place... I brought you here then, to heal your broken mind. It's where you built what memory of her death your sanity could accept.
(pause)
Meanwhile, I persuaded your brother to aid me. So that before the next full moon...
(more)

CONTINUED

SIR JOHN (CONT.)
He and I had labored to create such a prison that could contain the werewolf.

FLASHBACK / INT. CASTLE RUINS, VAULT -- NIGHT

Younger Sir John, shirtless, is seated in the METAL CHAIR we saw earlier. He's SHACKLED and CHAINED, sweating, waiting.

BACK TO SCENE -- ASYLUM OFFICE

SIR JOHN
Every month since, I have imprisoned myself.

FLASHBACK / INT. CASTLE RUINS, VAULT -- NIGHT

Young Sir John is CHAINED down, in MID-TRANSFORMATION! He's SCREAMING in pain, FUR GROWING across his quaking body as he struggles to break free of the tangle of CHAINS!

BACK TO SCENE -- ASYLUM OFFICE

SIR JOHN
Once each month at least, and twice in those months, we soon discovered, when a second moon on the cusp of the wax or wane is whole enough to overtake me.

LAWRENCE
Ben knew, all this time.

SIR JOHN
Benjamin had always been the one person in my life who remained steadfast by my side. Together, we were able to carve out a life for me, despite my incurable affliction. We kept my bestial alter-ego at bay.

LAWRENCE
Until now. Until Carmilla.

Sir John looks to Lawrence.

LAWRENCE
I saw the vault in the castle ruins. I saw the shrine you made to her. It was never Benjamin who had the affair with the Gypsy woman. It was you.

SIR JOHN
Yes.

CONTINUED

LAWRENCE
Ben was not himself once Carmilla was jailed, because he knew that you were the adulterer. That's why he had been seen arguing with her... why he visited her. He knew Carmilla carried your child.

SIR JOHN
And look what the Philistines did to her. Her vile husband beat her bloody before bringing her to Strickland, and yet she was the one jailed. And for what crime? Love. For love! For that selfsame failing, I was expected to be brought forth and pilloried. Made a pariah! For daring to know love yet one last time in my life!

LAWRENCE
Except you let this happen when you refused to come forward.

SIR JOHN
Untrue! I did everything I could to free Carmilla...

LAWRENCE
Everything but accept responsibility!

SIR JOHN
If I came forward, they never would have let it end! She gave them a name, as I told her to. The next night would have passed without incident. I would have made certain of that. She should have been released to leave with her tribe! I was willing to lose her, if that's what it took. Against every emotion in my heart, I would've watched her walk out of my life, even carrying my own child! So long she was free!
(fury growing)
You saw. You saw how the good villagers of Blackmoor held their tongues while Strickland paraded Carmilla before them! After so many years of my protecting every man, woman and child from the abomination inside me! To what end? So I should have to watch as their persecutions drove her to her death...!?

LAWRENCE
You've...you've gone mad...

CONTINUED

SIR JOHN
To hell with each and every one of them. Let them mount whatever defense they can manage... till either Blackmoor is dead... or I am.

LAWRENCE
Can't you see that it's driven you mad!

SIR JOHN
You may be right. Absolutely. But, what concern is it of yours anymore? You've been bitten. You must know what that means.

Lawrence does know, desolate, straining in his bindings.

SIR JOHN
It would have been God's mercy if you weren't discovered alive, but you were. You survived.
(long pause)
There's only one gesture of kindness I can show you now.

Sir John produces a STRAIGHT RAZOR, shows its blade.

SIR JOHN
Keep it hidden. Till a time comes when you are alone and can use it.

Sir John comes to place the closed RAZOR in Lawrence's bound hand, so Lawrence can palm it.

SIR JOHN
Farewell, son. Farewell.

Sir John walks towards the door. Lawrence is demoralized, but takes a deep breath, mustering one last defiance.

LAWRENCE
Before you go, I want you to know... I know now that you killed Ben.

Sir John stops, keeping his back to Lawrence.

LAWRENCE
He never would have helped you unleash the werewolf. He would have fought you. And so you killed him, that very first night, didn't you?

SIR JOHN
I couldn't have, could I? Since he went missing the day after.

CONTINUED

LAWRENCE
No. When Gwen said he was still at Talbot Hall after the first murder, she was trusting in what you told everyone. But, she was in London. Ben had sent her away. Because he knew what you were about to do!

Sir John still faces away, betraying nothing.

SIR JOHN
Benjamin left. He's deserted me, just as you deserted me before him...

LAWRENCE
You probably didn't even know till you found him in the morning, isn't that so...?!
(venting fury)
And where did you hide the body?! Where did you bury my brother?!!

The DOOR SLAMS OPEN as Creepy Guard and Dr. Hendrick enter.

LAWRENCE
He gave his whole life to you; your loving, loyal son... and you murdered him! YOU MURDERED HIM!!

Creepy Guard comes to grab Lawrence in a headlock.
Dr. Hendrick stabs a HYPODERMIC NEEDLE into Lawrence's neck.

Lawrence's hand SPASMS...
Dropping the RAZOR to the floor.

Dr. Hendrick pushes the hypo's plunger. As Lawrence CRIES OUT, we ZOOM IN: entering HIS PUPIL -- into PITCH BLACK...

NIGHTMARE MONTAGE BEGINS / INT. THEATER -- NIGHT

From BLACKNESS: a gaslight LAMP FLICKERS to life, back-lighting a stage-craft FULL MOON within a familiar, painted STAGE BACKDROP of crooked trees and grim sky. Lawrence steps INTO FRAME, wearing a STRAITJACKET.

LAWRENCE
To be or not to be. That is the question! Whether 'tis...

He overacts, trying to be HEARD over growing O.S. GROWLING.

LAWRENCE
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer!! The slings and arrows of *outrageous* fortune!

CONTINUED

Shouting over the still GROWING SOUND of monstrous SNARLING and GNASHING, Lawrence looks out to see...

He stands before an S.R.O. AUDIENCE made up entirely of all manner of MALE and FEMALE WEREWOLVES in FANCY DRESS; all of them ravenously consuming dismembered HUMAN REMAINS.

The WEREWOLVES tear into severed ARMS and LEGS, some fighting over bloody ENTRAILS, while down the CENTER AISLE walks the transformed SIR JOHN; fully a WEREWOLF, in a fine SUIT, smoking a CIGAR and CLAPPING his clawed hands.

SIR JOHN WEREWOLF
Bravo! Bravo! My son, ladies and gentlemen! My son!

The stage's RED CURTAIN FALLS CLOSED behind Lawrence as he backs fearfully away, slipping through the center slit... ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CURTAIN: Lawrence finds himself...

ON THE MOORS

IN A DENSE FOG. Lawrence walks, leaving the curtain behind.

OLD MALEVA'S VOICE (O.S.)
Even a man who is pure in heart and says his prayers by night...

There's a huge SHAPE slowly approaching in the FOG.

OLD MALEVA'S VOICE (O.S.)
... may become a wolf when the wolfsbane blooms... and the autumn moon is bright.

Old Maleva arrives on horseback, in full GYPSY REGALIA.

LAWRENCE
Why are you here?

OLD MALEVA
I pledged to seek you out, Lawrence Talbot... if the spirits gave an answer to your question. From across the beyond, the answer came...
(pause)
Benjamin is with your mother now.

LAWRENCE
My mother?

OLD MALEVA
They are together.

LAWRENCE
My... mother is dead.

CONTINUED

Old Maleva guides her horse past Lawrence, moving on.

OLD MALEVA
Perhaps you will join them soon.

In a moment, she's gone in the the WHITENESS of the FOG.

DISSOLVE TO:

IN A PADDED ASYLUM CELL

WHITE WALLS are covered in old blood and worse. Lawrence sleeps, in his STRAITJACKET, curled fetal, DREAMING...

LAWRENCE'S DREAM -- WEREWOLF'S POV

We're RUNNING quickly through misty, gnarled **FOREST**...

IN THE CELL

Lawrence rolls, twitching. Areas of FUR are beginning to crop up on his face. His VEINS THROB. His grinding TEETH are becoming SHARP FANGS. He's partially transformed!

LAWRENCE'S DREAM -- WEREWOLF'S POV

RUNNING fast, from FOREST to the open **MOORS**...

IN THE CELL

Lawrence rolls back the other way, now returned to NORMAL. He continues stirring, feverish.

LAWRENCE'S DREAM -- WEREWOLF'S POV

RUNNING across the GREAT LAWN, to **TALBOT HOUSE**, where every WINDOW is filled with a bright, HELLISH RED GLOW.

DISSOLVE TO:

IN A WATER TANK

Lawrence PLUNGES UPSIDE DOWN into a GLASS TANK of MURKY WATER! His eyes open, bulging, as he awakens, mortified. He's in up to his waist, straitjacketed.

Lawrence squirms, left under for an interminably long time. As he YELLS, spewing BUBBLES, he's suddenly YANKED UPWARD...

IN AN ASYLUM TREATMENT ROOM

Creepy Guard turns the WHEEL of a CHAIN and PULLEY SYSTEM which hoists Lawrence, by his CHAINED feet, up from the Hydro-Therapy TANK. Lawrence hangs, GASPING.

CONTINUED

LAWRENCE'S UPSIDE-DOWN POV: reveals other INMATES in BIZARRE CONTRAPTIONS; one naked LUNATIC is strapped to a TABLE, with INCISIONS on his body BLEEDING into GROOVES in the tabletop; another INMATE, in a LEATHER COLLAR at the end of a POLE held by a DOCTOR, is forced to walk a crude TREADMILL.

Lawrence ends up face-to-upside-down-face with Dr. Hendrick:

DOCTOR HENDRICK
(to Creepy Guard)
Again.

Lawrence barely has time to react as Creepy Guard kicks the release on the PULLEY-SYSTEM'S WHEEL, dropping Lawrence...

IN THE WATER TANK

Lawrence SPLASHES under! He twists, desperately afraid. More endless seconds tick by, till he simply can't hold his breath any more. He's BLACKING OUT, his eyes rolling back.

DISSOLVE TO:

LAWRENCE'S DREAM -- LAWRENCE'S POV

We WALK down the familiar UPSTAIRS HALLWAY of the TALBOT MANSION. Where once were the big game, animal head TROPHIES, now hang stuffed and mounted HUMAN HEADS...

The discolored, gory HEADS of FITZGERALD... CONSTABLE NYE... STRICKLAND... DOCTOR LLOYD... COLONEL MONTFORD; each with their NAME engraved on a BRASS PLAQUE beneath.

FURTHER ON, we approach the MASTER BEDROOM DOOR, HEARING a WOMAN'S CRIES. The door OPENS by itself...

IN THE MASTER BEDROOM

By OIL LAMP LIGHT, a WEREWOLF attacks a WOMAN on the BED.

It's Gwen on the bed, struggling, SCREAMING. The WEREWOLF is on top of her, TEARING at her clothing. Gwen pounds on the creature's chest, trying to fight him off, in tears.

GWEN
No... no... Lawrence, no!

The Werewolf abruptly reacts, stopping. We can see it now, in his EYES -- it is Lawrence. The Werewolf turns, seeing himself in a huge, ornate MIRROR across the room...

IN THE MIRROR: it's human LAWRENCE reflected, sweaty, having forced himself onto Gwen who lies under him, weeping. Reflected-Lawrence grabs the LAMP, enraged, THROWING it -- SHATTERING the mirror as the LAMP EXPLODES into FLAMES!

END MONTAGE/DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ASYLUM, PADDED CELL -- NIGHT

Lawrence lifts his bedraggled head, regaining consciousness. He is once again BOUND to his WHEELCHAIR. He's barefoot, dressed in an institutional SHIRT and PANTS. Hendrick stands flanked by Creepy Guard.

DOCTOR HENDRICK
Good evening, Mister Talbot. Against my better judgement, I've decided to allow a visitation. I hope it may have a calming influence.

Lawrence is groggily trying to shake out the cobwebs.

DOCTOR HENDRICK
You'll only have a moment.

A young, pasty-faced INTERN escorts Gwen in, waits by the door. Gwen looks at Lawrence, hand to her mouth, anguished.

GWEN
Lawrence.

LAWRENCE
Gwen? Is it truly you?

GWEN
Oh, Lawrence... I've been trying for weeks to be allowed to see you. Are you alright? What have they done?
(to Dr. Hendrick)
Why is he tied down like this?!

DOCTOR HENDRICK
For his own safety, Miss.

LAWRENCE
It's alright, Gwen. You're...you're with your family? Here in the city?

GWEN
Yes. We're doing everything we can. Your father... he brought you without telling anyone. You were hurt, nearly killed. He took you from Talbot Hall in the middle of the night.
(sorrowful pause)
I... I thought I might never find you again...

Gwen reaches to touch Lawrence's face.

DOCTOR HENDRICK
No physical contact with the patient if you please, Miss.

CONTINUED

LAWRENCE
I... I can't tell if you're a dream or if I'm awake. I'm sorry.

Tears roll down Lawrence's cheeks.

GWEN
We're going to get you out of here somehow. We'll do whatever it takes. We'll go to doctors, solicitors...

LAWRENCE
No. It's too late. It's too late for me now.

GWEN
What...what are you talking about?! What happened? What happened that night?

DOCTOR HENDRICK
That's enough, Miss Conliffe. I can see this was a mistake...

Doctor Hendrick nods and Pasty Intern steps forward.

LAWRENCE
Listen to me, Gwen. Promise me. Don't ever go back there...

Pasty Intern begins pulling Gwen away. She's distraught.

LAWRENCE
Don't go back to Blackmoor, whatever you do. Swear to me that you won't!

GWEN
I...I promise...
(to Pasty Intern)
Let go of me! No! Lawrence!

Gwen's looking back as she's pulled away. Gone. Lawrence despairs. Doctor Hendrick's angry.

DOCTOR HENDRICK
Calming influence indeed.
(looks at his WATCH, to Creepy Guard)
Bring him.

CUT TO:

INT. ASYLUM, OPERATING THEATER -- NIGHT

Creepy Guard wheels Lawrence to the center of the room, by an OPERATING TABLE, under central GAS LAMPS. Many empty CHAIRS are arranged in surrounding circles.

CONTINUED

Doctor Hendrick stands. TWO other DOCTORS sit in the front row.

DOCTOR HENDRICK
(to Lawrence)
My associates and I... we've been quite eager for this night to arrive. We consider you a particularly fascinating case.

LAWRENCE
(bitterly)
I'm flattered.

Creepy Guard walks back to the only door while sorting through the MANY KEYS on his KEYCHAIN. He LOCKS the door.

DOCTOR HENDRICK
What you're suffering from is called "Lycanthropy." Simply put, it's the belief that you will be transformed into a wolf... that you will take on certain physical characteristics of the wolf. There are legends of werewolfism as far back as Greek mythology, and beyond. Across almost every culture, you will find some version of the "changling" delusion.

Dr. Hendrick paces. Creepy Guard returns to observe.

DOCTOR HENDRICK
There were ancient, primal tribes whose warriors believed that consuming the flesh of those they defeated would grant them their enemies strengths. The Norse Berserkers would adorn themselves in animal hides before each battle. In the Medieval Ages, throughout Europe, thousands of persons, even tens of thousands, were put to death as convicted werewolves.
(pause)
We live in a more enlightened age.
(to 2ND DOCTOR)
Doctor, if you wouldn't mind...

2nd Doctor rises, crossing to a tall WINDOW.

DOCTOR HENDRICK
We are here tonight, to illustrate conclusively that your fears are quite irrational.

2nd Doctor pulls aside the CURTAINS, revealing a view of the NIGHT SKY and the high FULL MOON shining brightly.

CONTINUED

Realization strikes Lawrence like a thunderbolt.

LAWRENCE
What...what are you doing...?

DOCTOR HENDRICK
We are simply going to remain in this room together, all night. And once you've witnessed that the full moon holds no sway over you; that you remain a perfectly ordinary human being...

LAWRENCE
... my God...

DOCTOR HENDRICK
You will have taken your first small step down the long road to recovery.

LAWRENCE
You can't do this... you can't!

DOCTOR HENDRICK
Lycanthropy is a disease of the mind, existing somewhere in the deep recesses of your thoughts. Yes, to you, it seems very real!

LAWRENCE
It is real! You've got to believe me!

DOCTOR HENDRICK
You've suffered quite traumatic personal experiences, Mister Talbot, we're well aware. You hate your father. Your mother committed suicide. Therefore, your father must be to blame for her death...

Lawrence is fed up, begins struggling violently, trying to pull his arms and legs free of the wheelchair!

DOCTOR HENDRICK
You witnessed your mother's self mutilation! Your young mind, unable to accept it, created a fantastical truth; that your father is literally a monster!

Lawrence is unable to free himself, SWEATING, BREATHING HARD.

DOCTOR HENDRICK
But, your father is not a werewolf. You were not bitten by a werewolf.
(more)

CONTINUED

DOCTOR HENDRICK (CONT.)
You will not become a werewolf anymore than... than I will sprout wings and fly out that window!

2nd and 3rd DOCTOR, and especially Creepy Guard, CHUCKLE.

EXT. LONDON CITYSCAPE -- NIGHT

Across the FOGGY CITY, at the HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, majestic BIG BEN shows **12:00**. The CLOCKTOWER TOLLS... TOLLS...

INT. OPERATING THEATER -- NIGHT

Dr. Hendrick sits beside the other doctors. (BIG BEN can be HEARD faintly TOLLING MIDNIGHT in the B.G.)

DOCTOR HENDRICK
Tonight, we will sit and watch the evening passing uneventfully.

LAWRENCE
Tonight you will sit and watch me become a werewolf, and then I will kill you all! Please, listen... sedate me! Lock me up! Kill me!!

Lawrence looks down to see...
VEINS on the back of his hands THROB; tiny HAIRS GROW!

LAWRENCE
Do something, anything, I'm begging you! You have to --

Lawrence doubles over, suddenly in excruciating pain!
He jerks back in the wheel chair CRYING OUT!

LAWRENCE
It's... *HAPPENING...!*

Doctor Hendrick and the other doctors watch, unimpressed.

DOCTOR HENDRICK
It's your imagination, Mister Talbot.
All in your vivid imagination!

Lawrence CRIES OUT, hyperventilating, TREMBLING...

LAWRENCE
GET! OUT!

And the old-school TRANSFORMATION begins...
Lawrence's hands clench as heavy FUR begins to SPROUT, impossibly quickly! His FINGERTIPS split, GROWING CLAWS!

Lawrence's FEET endure a similar transformation, flesh rippling, thick FUR SPROUTING as if by magic! CLAWS GROW!

CONTINUED

Dr. Hendrick and associates watch in stupefied terror.

Lawrence throws his head back, SCREAMING! FUR'S GROWING out from his face and jowls while his TEETH become sharp FANGS!

Creepy Guard's slack-jawed, backing to the door.

Lawrence's FACE MUTATES into the lurid, monstrously lupine face of **THE WOLFMAN**; his long SCREAM becoming the raging, guttural ROAR of the Wolfman!

DOCTOR HENDRICK
Bloody Hell!

Dr. Hendrick, 2nd Doctor and 3rd Doctor make a mad scramble for the door, where... Creepy Guard's already beginning a desperate search through his overburdened KEYCHAIN.

The transmutation now complete, the Wolfman struggles against the STRAPS holding him to the wheelchair!

AT THE LOCKED DOOR, Creepy Guard's frantically trying to find the KEY! The three doctors are BANGING on the door, YELLING, trying to pull it open! Dr. Hendrick wrests the KEYCHAIN from Creepy Guard's grasp.

DOCTOR HENDRICK
Give me those keys, you imbecile!

The Wolfman YANKS his arms and legs free, rising.

2nd Doctor sees this, looks up, across the room... There's a LADDER built into the wall, leading to a SKYLIGHT.

2nd Doctor runs towards the ladder.

Wolfman reacts, enraged, THROWING the WHEELCHAIR...

The WHEELCHAIR SMASHES 2nd Doctor against the wall! He slumps, trailing a wide SMEAR of BLOOD.

Wolfman ROARS, heading for the others.

Hendrick tries one KEY in the door's lock... doesn't work! Creepy Guard sees the Wolfman coming.

3RD DOCTOR
Hurry, Hendrick, hurry!

Creepy Guard gathers his nerve, turning to face the Wolfman, reaching to take his heavy TRUNCHEON from his belt. With a YELL of bravado, Creepy Guard charges, the club raised...

The Wolfman greets him with a swift and bloodying BACKHANDED SWIPE -- sends Creepy Guard CARTWHEELING...

Creepy Guard TOPPLES the OPERATING TABLE!

CONTINUED

Wolfman LEAPS across the distance...
Lands on Creepy Guard to begin TEARING HIM APART!

AT THE DOOR, Dr. Hendrick inserts another KEY...

DOCTOR HENDRICK
Got it!

As he turns the KEY, it SNAPS OFF in the LOCK.

DOCTOR HENDRICK
Oh boy.

By the OPERATING TABLE (which blocks our view of most of the gory carnage), the Wolfman straightens, BLOOD-SOAKED, having finished with Creepy Guard.

Dr. Hendrick begins POUNDING the door's small, circular WINDOW. 3rd Doctor looks around, frantic, sees...
The Wolfman stalking towards them.

IN THE HALLWAY

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR: Dr. Hendrick's BLOODIED FIST BREAKS the WINDOW! Hendrick presses his face against the small HOLE, jagged glass cutting his fingers.

DOCTOR HENDRICK
Help! Open this door! Oh, Lord, someone please open this --

Doctor Hendrick is violently PULLED AWAY.

EXT. LAMBETH ASYLUM -- AN INSTANT LATER

The FULL MOON is REFLECTED in ONE of the tall WINDOWS high on the red brick exterior of Lambeth Asylum, and then...
The WINDOW SPLINTERS as Dr. Hendrick is THROWN OUT!

Followed immediately by the Wolfman LEAPING OUT!

IN MID-AIR

Dr. Hendrick WAILS as he FALLS headlong for SIX STORIES, flailing. Behind, the Wolfman FALLS lithely.

BELOW

Dr. Hendrick SPLATTERS onto the THAMES' RIVERBANK with the most disturbing sound of finality. The Wolfman's more favorable trajectory carries him... SPLASHING into the RIVER!

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON SEWERS -- NIGHT

In this long, dark, underground TUNNELWAY, with SLUDGY WATER FLOWING swiftly through, a MAN'S HEARD WHISTLING. A lanky RAGPICKER, in tattered SUIT and CAP, makes his way down the tunnel, carrying a 7-foot-long, WOODEN POLE and a LANTERN.

He's wading in the putrid water, using his pole to poke at the GARBAGE floating and accumulated on the narrow, rat-infested WALKWAYS to either side of him.

RAGPICKER
(SINGING)
The man in the moon came down too soon and asked his way to Norwich! He went by the south and burnt his mouth with eating cold plum porridge!

Ragpicker pulls up a GLOVE, examines then discards it.

RAGPICKER
(SINGING)
"Oh... will you walk into my parlor?" said the Spider to the fly, "It is the prettiest parlor that you ever did spy!"

He brings up a soaking BOOT with his stick. It's worth taking, so he shoves it in the SACK slung over his shoulder.

RAGPICKER
"You've only got to pop your head inside of the door, and you'll see many curious things you never saw before, Will you, will you walk in, pretty Fly?"

From behind him, the Wolfman's HOWL ECHOES, distant. It gives Ragpicker pause: He waits, then continues, leery.

RAGPICKER
"My fine house is always open," said the Spider to the Fly, "I'm glad to have the company of all who go by..."

The Wolfman's HOWL is HEARD, very NEAR.
Ragpicker spins to look back, aiming his lantern.

RAGPICKER
(quietly, afraid)
"Will you... will you walk in, pretty Fly...? Will you grant me one sweet kiss, dear," says the Spider to the Fly."

DOWN THE TUNNEL: coming slowly into view... is the LIGHT of the LANTERN reflected in the Wolfman's TWO RED EYES.

CONTINUED

Ragpicker turns, FLEEING down the tunnel...
FOLLOW: as he's SPLASHING through the muck, TURNING this way and that... navigating the MAZE of TUNNELS, not looking back.

FURTHER ON

Ragpicker stumbles from one TUNNEL, entering into a main artery INTERSECTION. WATER'S POURING in from everywhere.

RAGPICKER
(uncertain)
Which way... which way...?!

The RATS scurrying along the walkways are choosing the largest tunnel; moving the same direction as the WATER'S INCREASED FLOW. Ragpicker follows their lead.

DOWN THE TUNNEL

Ragpicker sloshes along, FALLING in the RUSH of WATER, regaining his footing, keeping his lantern aloft.
He halts, crestfallen, shining the lantern ahead...

RAGPICKER
Lordie.

All the rats are disappearing through HOLES in the tunnel's aged brickwork, while beyond that...

The TUNNEL itself ends at an OUTLET which is criss-crossed by a latticework of METAL BARS, so that while the WATER'S RUSHING out, for Ragpicker it's a DEAD END.

Ragpicker aims his lantern back up the tunnel, against the current. Before long, the RED EYED Wolfman can be seen creeping into the LIGHT, SNARLING lowly. As Ragpicker backs away, we PULL BACK: through the METAL BARS to...

OUTSIDE THE TUNNEL

At the SEWER'S OUTLET, we HEAR only the RUSH of the WATER CASCADING OUT into the THAMES along with the SOUNDS of the CITY as the murky WATER begins FLOWING RED with BLOOD.

CUT TO:

EXT. THAMES RIVER BANK -- NIGHT

TWO uniformed CONSTABLES patrol a WALKWAY along the Thames. Across the RIVER, massive SMOKESTACKS disgorge black clouds to the sky. 1st Constable carries a LANTERN, noticing...

1ST CONSTABLE
Hold on. What's this here...?

He points out a WET AREA of RAILING and WALKWAY where it looks like someone's climbed out from the river.

CONTINUED

Both constables follow the TRAIL of splashed WATER across the walkway to where 1st Constable kneels, indicating...

Wet, clearly inhuman, CLAWED FOOTPRINTS left by the Wolfman.

The constables share a look of bewilderment. They follow the WET FOOTPRINTS to STAIRS leading up a WOODED HILLSIDE.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK -- MOMENTS LATER

At the top of the STAIRWAY, 1st and 2nd Constable arrive, surveying the surrounding PARK. They walk, seeing... SOMETHING'S out there in the open space of the LAWN.

Still advancing, 2nd Constable takes his BILLY CLUB from his belt while 1st Constable puts his WHISTLE to his lips.

IN THE LANTERN LIGHT: the Wolfman's on his haunches, crouched forward. He turns, clutching a dripping fistful of ORGANS he's pulled from the pried-open CHEST CAVITY of a MALE CORPSE, letting out a ROAR from his blood-dripping maw!

2ND CONSTABLE
What in God's creation...?!

The Wolfman rises, moving towards the stupefied constables. 1st Constable starts BLOWING his WHISTLE!

The Wolfman reacts immediately, throwing his hands to his ears. He retreats from the HIGH PITCH WHISTLING.

ACROSS THE PARK

The Wolfman runs with a fast, loping gait...
Headed for a WOODED AREA ahead with BRIGHT LIGHTS beyond.

1st and 2nd Constable chase, BLOWING their WHISTLES.

EXT. WEST END STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

Residential. Well-dressed PEDESTRIANS, mostly GENTLEMEN escorting their LADIES, are on the SIDEWALKS. Begging URCHIN CHILDREN wheedle. COACHES cross. A large, multi-passenger OMNIBUS is pulled by a TEAM of HORSES.

From the bordering PARK, the Wolfman LEAPS from the TREELINE into the street, recoiling in confusion at all the GAS LAMP LIGHT and ACTIVITY. PEDESTRIANS react. WOMEN SCREAM.

The Wolfman runs directly into the path of the OMNIBUS...
The horses REAR up, spooked, SCREECHING!

The Wolfman flees onward across the street.
The horses BOLT, charging forward, picking up speed!

ON THE OMNIBUS

The omnibus DRIVER pulls on the reins, to no avail.
The horses are OUT OF CONTROL, heading for the SIDEWALK...

ON THE SIDEWALK

As EVERYONE'S fleeing all directions...
A wealthy MAN and WOMAN are brutally RUN DOWN!

ON THE STREET

The omnibus' horses veer back towards the street, but they're turning too sharply -- THROWING the DRIVER from his perch as the OMNIBUS is TIPPING...

IN THE OMNIBUS

A DOZEN PASSENGERS all CRY OUT as the OMNIBUS OVERTURNS! EVERYONE'S THROWN! BREAKING WINDOWS rain GLASS SHARDS!

ON THE STREET

More panicked PEDESTRIANS scatter as...
The Wolfman charges straight at one BUILDING, LEAPING...

The Wolfman grabs onto the the building's BRICKFACE and begins swiftly scaling the FACADE and WINDOW LEDGES. He's astonishingly agile, using his clawed HANDS and FEET to make quick work of the THREE STORIES.

ON THE ROOFTOP

The Wolfman pulls himself up, traversing the ROOFTOP'S EDGE at an effortlessly-balanced sprint, JUMPING...

...landing on all fours on the neighboring, PITCHED ROOF. He quickly climbs that roof to it's peak, moving fleet-footedly along the narrow peak till he once again JUMPS...

...TRAVELING an impossible distance...

...to the next ROOFTOP, fleeing on without hesitation or mis-step. And so it goes as he LEAPS from BUILDING...

...to BUILDING, with unerring animal physicality and instinct, against the backdrop of the great, sprawling, London METROPOLIS.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM -- NIGHT

In this elegant BALLROOM, a MASQUERADE BALL takes place. About TWENTY-FIVE COUPLES DANCE to lovely MUSIC played by a STRING QUARTET.

CONTINUED

OTHER surrounding COUPLES stand watching, sipping CHAMPAGNE. EVERYONE is in elaborate COSTUME, musicians included; all wear fanciful ANIMAL MASKS.

At long BANQUET TABLES at one end of the room, SERVANTS clear dishes left from a feast. Some COUPLES still linger at the tables, conversing. It's at the giant WINDOWS over the dining tables where -- the Wolfman comes CRASHING IN...

The Wolfman lands in the middle of the dancing revellers, grabbing one BIRD-MASKED MAN from behind and reaching around with one hand to CLAW OPEN THE MAN'S THROAT!

BLOOD FOUNTAINS up as the ROARING Wolfman drops the victim.

The Wolfman starts cutting a bloody swatch of carnage -- ATTACKING ANYONE and EVERYONE within his grasp! It's pandemonium! EVERYONE SCREAMING! MUSIC STOPS disharmoniously. MEN try to protect WOMEN, but...

The Wolfman SLASHES at MEN and WOMEN alike with his razor-sharp CLAWS -- RIPPING, GOUGING and MAULING -- cutting people up, BLOOD SPRAYING!

The Wolfman spins, SWIPING at one WOMAN, gutting her... She drops to her knees, her INTESTINES SLOSHING to the floor.

EVERYONE'S FLEEING away from the center, but... PEOPLE are falling, getting TRAMPLED!

THREE BRAVE COSTUMED MEN rush forward... A BULL-MASKED MAN attacks the Wolfman, taking a wild swing, but the Wolfman grips the man's arm while BITING savagely near the shoulder -- TEARING THE MAN'S ARM OFF!

The Wolfman discards the man and the arm as a TIGER-MASKED MAN charges! The Wolfman TOSSES this man far...

Tiger-Masked Man lands grotesquely in a twisted heap!

A GORILLA-MASKED MAN jumps on the Wolfman from behind, but the Wolfman immediately THROWS HIM OFF!

The man's trying to crawl away, but The Wolfman's on him, SINKING HIS FANGS INTO THE BACK OF GORILLA-MASKED MAN'S HEAD! We can just HEAR the SKULL CRACKING over the man's CRIES as BLOOD POURS out of the MASK'S MOUTH and EYES!

The bloody Wolfman rises, spinning to look for who's next. An OWL-MASKED MAN SHOVES past others to THROW one of the OIL LAMPS taken from the banquet tables...

OWL-MASKED MAN
Look out!

The LAMP SMASHES in front of the Wolfman, FLAMES SPREADING! The Wolfman's freaked out, backing away.

CONTINUED

Another LANTERN is HURTLED...
It EXPLODES onto the floor! The Wolfman voices his fury, holding up his arms against the FLAMES!

The Wolfman retreats...
Everyone scatters from his path as he VAULTS over the BANQUET TABLES and begins pulling himself up the cascading CURTAINS of the shattered WINDOWS.

High above, the Wolfman clings to the curtains, KICKS OFF from the wall -- SWINGING out above the crimson-stained aftermath below -- HURTLING HIMSELF out into the night!

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON STREET, EAST END -- NIGHT

On a sparsely peopled STREET in a poor section, a few DRUNKARDS congregate outside a TAVERN. Wild DOGS wander. A drunk, young LADY-OF-THE-EVENING, in a soiled DRESS, stumbles from the tavern, MUTTERING under her breath.

The Young Lady starts down the SIDEWALK, none too steady. She's passing a MAN walking the other way.

YOUNG LADY
Pardon, Sir... spare a few bob?

As the MAN'S brushing by her...

YOUNG LADY
Willing to make it worth your while, squire. What do you say?
(watching him go)
Snotty.

Young Lady SPITS after him, walking on.
She heads down a dark ALLEYWAY.

ACROSS THE STREET, from a DARK ALCOVE: a MAN steps into view. He's handsome, dressed in BLACK, wearing a tall, TOP HAT and an enveloping CLOAK reaching almost to the ground. He grips a CANE capped by a SILVER, horned DEVIL'S HEAD handle with RUBY EYES. Let's call the man JACK.

Jack swiftly crosses towards the ALLEYWAY.

As he reaches the opposite sidewalk, he treads upon a discarded NEWSPAPER headlined: ***"2ND RIPPER VICTIM FOUND!"***

DOWN THE ALLEY

Light FOG hangs low. Young Lady's meandering along, muttering to herself, while... Jack follows, cape flowing, looking to be certain no one else is around.

Young Lady HEARS Jack's FOOTSTEPS, looking back...

CONTINUED

She sees Jack coming. She walks faster, unnerved.

Jack walks faster.

Young Lady may be drunk, but she's not stupid. She runs.

Handsome Jack strides after, confident she won't escape. He's sweating, excited, with an awful gleam in his eye.

JACK'S HAND twists the devil-head top of his CANE and unsheathes a long, glinting KNIFE BLADE.

Young Lady's running, deathly afraid, trying to hike up her skirt so she can run faster.
Jack's closing fast, when...

The Wolfman drops from above...
SLAMMING Young Woman to the ground!

Behind, Jack stops dead in his tracks, startled.

Young Lady's CRIES die quickly as the Wolfman'S DIGGING HIS TEETH INTO her throat, THRASHING!

Jack witnesses, appalled by the sight, sickened.

AT THE MOUTH OF THE ALLEYWAY

Jack sprints out from the ALLEY, shoving by TWO burly FACTORY WORKERS. The men curse him as he continues fleeing. Jack trips and FALLS... SPLASHING into an enormous puddle in the street, losing his HAT. He scrambles up and keeps running as fast as his legs will carry him.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON OVERVIEW -- NIGHT

In the distance, on a high TRAIN TRESTLE, we can see THE WOLFMAN making his way along the top of the angular, iron structure. A long TRAIN steams by in the other direction.

CUT TO:

INT. WALLED ENCLOSURE -- NIGHT

SOUNDS of EXOTIC BIRDS are HEARD. The Wolfman pulls himself up atop a tall WALL, remains there, crouched, sniffing at the night air. He drops down inside the wall.

He's entered a lush GARDEN of sorts, filled with exotic PLANTS and TREES. He moves warily through, hunkered.

The Wolfman hesitantly approaches a large, placid POND. He crouches at the water's muddy edge, begins scooping water to his mouth, drinking, ever watchful.

CONTINUED

As the Wolfman drinks, we PULL BACK: beyond IRON BARS to reveal that this GARDEN is actually an enclosed ZOO HABITAT which, according to its SIGN holds a...

"Crocodylus niloticus;
Nile Crocodile."

IN THE ENCLOSURE, Wolfman continues sating his thirst at the pond's edge, in a rare moment of quiet calm. He stops drinking, leaning forward to peer curiously into the water...

He's transfixed by his own REFLECTION for a long moment.

Then, just as the REFLECTION is broken by RIPPLES...
An enormous CROCODILE LUNGES UP from the water, reaching out his massive jaws to CLAMP DOWN on the Wolfman's leg!

The crocodile performs a DEATH ROLL, DRAGGING the Wolfman back with him into deeper water!

The Wolfman's YELPING, clawing and fighting back...
He SLASHES at the crocodile, managing to extricate his torn, BLOODY leg from the croc's craggy-toothed mouth.

In the frothing water, the two behemoths WRESTLE!
It's a brutally violent, life-and-death struggle!
The crocodile SLAMS the Wolfman with his powerful tail...

The Wolfman lands at the water's edge, dazed.
The HISSING crocodile attacks from behind!

The Wolfman rolls, barely avoiding the croc's gnashing jaws!

The crocodile twists, snapping after the Wolfman...
Wolfman climbs on the crocodile's back, gripping the croc's head in both hands -- PULLING with all his might!

Kneeled on the crocodile's back, with the savage reptile THRASHING beneath him, the Wolfman's PULLING the crocodile's head back further... further still, until finally -- the crocodile's SPINE is HEARD SNAPPING grotesquely!

The croc goes MOTIONLESS. The Wolfman releases his grip.

The Wolfman rises, spent, staggering away from his defeated foe, bearing BLEEDING WOUNDS from the encounter.
The Wolfman lets out a long victory HOWL.

From not far away, another HOWL answers.
The Wolfman turns, his eyes widening.
He HOWLS again. Several HOWLS reply.

EXT. LONDON ZOO, WOLF CAGE -- MOMENTS LATER

The Wolfman (favoring his now wounded leg) arrives at a big, CIRCULAR CAGE which is home to FIVE full-grown WOLVES. The wolves pace, excited by Wolfman's presence, HOWLING, YELPING.

CONTINUED

Wolfman's equally excited, circling, watching as the imprisoned wolves follow his every move.

The Wolfman vaults over the spectator RAILING, getting a grip on the cage's METAL BARS. He presses his face to the bars, puzzling over them, angrily rattling them.

The Wolfman starts trying to bend the bars; PULLING at them. The wolves pace back and forth, vocalizing frantically. The Wolfman keeps trying, using his inhuman strength -- beginning to BEND the creaking BARS APART!

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON CEMETERY -- NIGHT

In the middle of this vast, hilly CEMETERY, with tall GRAVEMARKERS, BURIAL VAULTS and eerie STATUARY for as far as the eye can see, there's a SMALL GROUP at work...

By LANTERN light, a greasy-faced, shabbily-dressed, middle-aged GRAVEROBBER and his FOUR, young STREET URCHIN accomplices (Artful-Dodger-types), strain at ROPES tied around a COFFIN they're hoisting up from an exhumed GRAVE.

They manage to set the heavy COFFIN beside the open grave, propping it up on the DIRT MOUND they've dug.

GRAVEROBBER
That's the way, lads. A little bit of effort leads to good things, aren't I always saying?
(smiles his CROOKED SMILE)
Now... let's see how good!

Graverobber pulls the COFFIN LID OPEN. He and the Four Urchins grin in at the CORPSE of the well-dressed MAN.

GRAVEROBBER
Hello, Mister Sir! Glad to meet you! Pleasure's all ours!

Graverobber and his urchins LAUGH, setting to work, quickly and efficiently removing anything of value; taking RINGS from the man's fingers and CUFF LINKS from his cuffs. Extracting a WATCH FOB and GOLD POCKET WATCH while plucking BUTTONS from the man's SHIRT and SUIT. Graverobber pries open the corpse's mouth, leaning close to look inside.

The youngest urchin, blonde-haired and rosy-cheeked, BLONDIE, occupies himself removing the deceased's SHOES.

We PULL BACK: so we see what the graverobbing gang does not yet notice... that the FIVE ZOO WOLVES silently arrive, taking up positions amongst the neighboring HEADSTONES.

CONTINUED

GRAVEROBBER
Funny, isn't it; how this here gent who wouldn't've given us the time of day when he was alive...
(holds up POCKET WATCH)
Is such a generous fellow dead!

Graverobber LAUGHS again, but the laugh catches in his throat as he spots one of the wolves.

Graverobber stands as the urchins all turn, looking... The wolves have them surrounded.

GRAVEROBBER
Alright, my lads... let's be calm about this... nice and calm...

Graverobber licks his lips, looking to a SHOVEL sticking up from the dirt mound. Meanwhile, the closest wolf begins edging forward, GROWLING menacingly.

GRAVEROBBER
On the count of three... run.

Graverobber slowly reaches for the shovel, watching as that most aggressive wolf creeps even CLOSER...

GRAVEROBBER
1... 2... 3... RUN!

The urchins scatter! Graverobber grabs the shovel just as the first wolf LEAPS at him!

Graverobber SWINGS the shovel, BASHING the wolf aside! The YELPING wolf goes tumbling!

The four other wolves all RUN OFF... Following the urchins in different directions.

Graverobber raises the shovel, preparing to swing again, but he's losing his footing in the loose dirt...

He TRIPS backwards over the coffin, coffin LID SLAMMING as he FALLS down into the deep, dark GRAVE!

IN THE GRAVE: Graverobber's hurt, groaning, trying to rise. DIRT FALLS IN onto him as he's looking up... Just in time to see the COFFIN SLIDING...

GRAVEROBBER
Bollocks!

The heavy COFFIN SMASHES down -- CRUSHING Graverobber!

ACROSS THE GRAVEYARD

Several urchins run...

CONTINUED

ZIG-ZAGGING through HEADSTONES.

Two of the wolves race after them!

ELSEWHERE AMONGST THE GRAVESTONES

Blondie, our favorite urchin, runs for all he's worth, still hugging the dead man's SHOES to his chest.
Two ravenous wolves are right behind.

Blondie glances back, terrified. Ahead, there are TWO VAULTS close together. It's a tight fit, but Blondie disappears down the NARROW SPACE between them...

When the two wolves arrive side-by-side, their attempt to follow becomes a SNARLING FIGHT over right of way.

FURTHER ON

Blondie ducks down in the shadow of a massive GRAVEMARKER, pressing against the cold stone, hiding. The SNARL of the wolves is soon HEARD. Blondie watches as, down the ROW of GRAVES, the two wolves arrive, prowling.

The wolves SNIFF at the ground, heading Blondie's way.

Blondie notices for the first time that he's still got the shoes. He swallows, deciding. Carefully trying to make as little noise as possible, Blondie THROWS one shoe...

The SHOE'S HEARD landing a few rows down.
The two wolves immediately raise their heads.
They rush off in the direction of the sound.

Blondie grins, relieved. He stands slowly, craning his neck to make sure the coast is clear. Something WET starts DRIPPING down onto his shoulder. Blondie notices, looking at the droplets... RED droplets.

Blondie looks straight up...
ABOVE, standing balanced atop of the huge GRAVEMARKER, is the Wolfman leering down. He DROPS, letting out a ROAR!

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL -- NIGHT

Amidst the boundless LONDON CITYSCAPE...
The Wolfman climbs towards the peak of the spectacular DOME of ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

The Wolfman reaches up at the FULL MOON, HOWLING loudly...
HOWLING with a kind of disconsolate yearning.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

EXT. BUILDING ROOF -- DAWN

A hard RAIN FALLS. On a high ROOFTOP overlooking the city, Lawrence, in human form, lies face down, unconscious.

He stirs, awakening. He drags himself to his feet, holding his head in pain, noticing the WOUNDS on his leg. He touches the wounds, not fully understanding.

Lawrence looks down at his tattered, blood-stained SHIRT and PANTS. He examines his hands and forearms, which are covered in SCRAPES and LACERATIONS. There's BLOOD under his FINGERNAILS. Now, realization begins to come to him.

As Lawrence turns to look out over the storm shrouded CITY, the full weight of the lost evening crashes down upon him.

He falls to his knees, numbed by the horror of it, the RAIN washing over him. He breaks down -- afraid, ashamed, enraged -- WEEPING into his hands.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH -- MORNING

The CHURCH'S dark interior is meager in scale and adornment. PEWS are empty. An elderly PRIEST lights CANDLES near the entrance. Lawrence enters, still in his wet, torn clothing, slowly walking up the CENTER AISLE.

PRIEST
May I assist you, son?

LAWRENCE
I'll only be a moment.

PRIEST
Is there something you need? Do you wish confession?

Lawrence stops, standing in DARKNESS, without turning.

LAWRENCE
It's a little late for that.

Lawrence continues. Halfway up the aisle, he takes a seat, kneeling. Pale LIGHT filters in through the STAINED GLASS WINDOWS behind a large CROSS over the ALTER. All is QUIET. Lawrence puts his hands together, lowers his head.

LAWRENCE
(quietly)
I'm not here to ask forgiveness. What things I've done...
(more)

CONTINUED

LAWRENCE (CONT.)
(pause)
I don't even remember. I do know I will pay for them. I am damned. I am damned, and there will be a reckoning, soon enough.
(pause)
I ask one thing, though I have no right. I beg of you... let me do what needs to be done. Give me the strength I'm afraid I don't have.

Lawrence looks up, hands still clasped.

LAWRENCE
Give me the courage to finish this.

CUT TO:

INT. CONLIFFE HOUSE, UPSTAIRS PARLOR -- MORNING

In the PARLOR of this upper middle-class, 3-story ROW HOME, Gwen works mending CLOTHING at a SEWING MACHINE. She's weary from lack of sleep. GWEN'S FATHER enters, a man of kindly appearance, wearing a look of great worry.

GWEN'S FATHER
Gwen, dear.

GWEN
Yes, Father? What's wrong?

GWEN'S FATHER
You'd... better come.

IN THE DOWNSTAIRS ENTRYWAY

Gwen walks down the STAIRS to the front of the house, uncertain, followed by Father. GWEN'S MOTHER, a stout, handsome woman, stands in the HALLWAY, likewise worried. Mother looks to the FRONT DOOR. Gwen follows her gaze...

A FIGURE can be seen through the DOOR'S TRANSLUCENT GLASS.

Gwen crosses quickly, going to OPEN the FRONT DOOR... ON THE PORCH, Lawrence stands, desolate, soaking wet and shivering, holding himself against the cold.

Gwen can barely believe her eyes, overcome by emotion. She takes his hands, bringing him inside, SHUTTING the DOOR.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS PARLOR -- DAY

FIRE in the FIREPLACE. Lawrence sits in a CHAIR, wearing clean, new CLOTHING (borrowed from Gwen's father).

CONTINUED

He gazes into the flames. Gwen stands at one WINDOW, watching the RAIN. A large, mantel CLOCK is HEARD TICKING.

LAWRENCE
Finally... when I awoke, it was with no real memory of last night. Except, of bloodshed. An orgy of violence.
(pause)
The curse has been passed on from the father to the son.
(troubled pause)
And, there is one last thing. I'm certain that Benjamin tried to stop my father.
(hesitant)
I'm just as certain that my father killed Benjamin.

Gwen's bathed in the day's cold, pale light.

LAWRENCE
I'm so very sorry.

GWEN
As you say it... I know it's true. I've known I need to begin mourning him.
(pause)
I just don't know if I can bring myself to accept it.

Gwen brushes away tears. Lawrence stands.

LAWRENCE
There isn't much time. I've nowhere else to turn.

GWEN
What can I do?

LAWRENCE
If you can manage it, I need enough money to get a horse.

GWEN
Why? Where will you go?

Lawrence does not answer. Gwen realizes.

GWEN
No. You can't go back there.

LAWRENCE
I have to.

CONTINUED

GWEN
You said yourself, he killed Ben... killed so many others. He'll kill you.

LAWRENCE
He has already, Gwen. He has. It will be a full moon again tonight.
(looking at his hands)
Even now, I feel it... like a crawling beneath my skin; a burning in my veins. I have till before midnight to get to Blackmoor and to end my father's life. And then...
(pause)
Then, I will do what it takes to end the curse in me.

Gwen's shaking her head, agonized.

GWEN
There must be some other way...

LAWRENCE
There isn't.

GWEN
There must be! This... this can't be happening!

LAWRENCE
I can't run, not from this. Not this time. There's no one else. It's my turn to be the one to face responsibility.

Lawrence crosses to Gwen, his voice thick with emotion.

LAWRENCE
Nothing in heaven or on earth can change what's happened, or what happens tonight. Nothing can stop the moon. But, I'd have given anything that our paths might have crossed in some other life. If we'd have only had a chance somehow.

Lawrence takes Gwen's hand in his.

LAWRENCE
I confess... there is a part of me praying that if I'm able to avenge my brother, he may forgive my feelings for you. Feelings I've fought so hard against, please believe me...

Lawrence KISSES Gwen's hand. Her heart is breaking.

CONTINUED

LAWRENCE
Forgive me. Let Benjamin forgive me.

Gwen takes Lawrence's face in her hands, presses her lips to his. They KISS gently, both crying.

GWEN
(quietly)
Pray he'll forgive us both.

LAWRENCE
Goodbye, Gwen.

GWEN
No. Please, don't go...

LAWRENCE
Goodbye is all we have left; all life ever had for you and me.
(whispers)
Goodbye.

Tearfully, they share one last KISS.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON STREET CORNER -- DAY

GLOOMY SKIES. PEDESTRIANS everywhere. Streets are clogged with VEHICLES. Lawrence, wearing a COAT, makes his way down the crowded SIDEWALK, passing a young STREET HAWKER waving a NEWSPAPER with a PHOTO of LAWRENCE under the HEADLINE: "***ESCAPED MENTAL PATIENT! Brutal Killings in the Night!***"

STREET HAWKER
(droning sales-pitch)
Read it here. Escaped Mental Patient. Escaped Mental Patient.

Lawrence hides behind his jacket collar, moving on, but then he halts. Ahead, TWO POLICE CONSTABLES stroll this direction. Lawrence quickly turns, hoping he's not been seen, now facing the Street Hawker.

STREET HAWKER
(still droning)
Escaped Mental Patient. Escaped Mental Patient.

Street Hawker does a startled double-take: looking at Lawrence, looking to the NEWSPAPER, then back at Lawrence. His voice takes on a newfound urgency...

STREET HAWKER
(POINTING at Lawrence)
Escaped mental patient!
(more)

CONTINUED

STREET HAWKER (CONT.)
Escaped mental patient! Escaped mental patient!!

Lawrence turns to hurry back the way he came...
Comes face-to-face with another POLICE CONSTABLE.

POLICEMAN
Just one moment, Mister...!

The Policeman's brings a WHISTLE to his lips, putting a hand on Lawrence. Lawrence grabs the Policeman's arm, TWISTING, pulling him forward, then SHOVING him back!

The Policeman goes SPRAWLING over Street Hawker's NEWSPAPER DISPLAY and STACK of PAPERS, but he's BLOWING his WHISTLE.

Lawrence wheels to see...
The TWO CONSTABLES reacting, RUNNING this way.

Lawrence charges straight at them. The lead Constable's raising his BILLY CLUB, but Lawrence lowers his shoulder and DIVES into them -- KNOCKING both Constables to the ground!

Lawrence ROLLS, scrambling to his feet. He RUNS...
SHOVING Pedestrians... TOPPLING STREET VENDOR TABLES...
He darts into the busy street...
Disappearing in the CROWD.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON OUTSKIRTS -- LATER DAY

RAINING HARD. Lawrence RIDES a HORSE at full gallop on a muddy ROADWAY, leaving LONDON behind.

INT. CONLIFFE HOUSE, UPSTAIRS PARLOR -- DAY

The CLOCK'S HEARD TICKING. Gwen sits at the SEWING MACHINE, eyes bleary from crying. She just sits there, motionless, staring at the sewing machine for the longest time.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FOREST -- NIGHT

RAINING. Lawrence RIDES full out through a dark FOREST.

INT. CONLIFFE HOUSE, SITTING ROOM -- NIGHT

Gwen's Mother and Father are seating in the SITTING AREA. She pretends to occupy herself KNITTING. He pretends to be cleaning out his PIPE over a pedestal ASHTRAY.

Mother looks over her knitting to watch Father absently poke a PIPE CLEANER into the pipe, his mind elsewhere.

CONTINUED

GWEN'S MOTHER
Why don't you see how she's doing?

Father looks over, tosses the pipe aside, rising.

IN THE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Gwen's Father comes up the STAIRS to a closed DOOR.

GWEN'S FATHER
(through door)
Gwen?

IN THE PARLOR

Gwen's Father KNOCKS, looking in...

GWEN'S FATHER
Gwen, dear, your mother and I...

The room's empty. Father's troubled, seeing...
The WINDOW'S OPEN to the FIRE ESCAPE outside.

EXT. LONDON OUTSKIRTS -- INTERCUT -- NIGHT

A FOUR HORSE COACH speeds away with LONDON in the B.G., on seemingly the same muddy ROADWAY Lawrence took.

INSIDE THE COACH -- IN MOTION

Gwen frets, looking out into the DARKNESS.

INT CONLIFFE HOUSE, SITTING ROOM -- NIGHT

Gwen's Father is at the open window. As he steps back, he notices a single BULLET beside the SEWING MACHINE.

INT. CONLIFFE HOUSE, PARENT'S BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Gwen's Father rushes in. He goes to the bed, getting on his hand and knees to reach under. He pulls out a small, metal STRONGBOX, flipping it open.

It's empty, except for a few BULLETS.

INSIDE GWEN'S COACH -- IN MOTION

Gwen takes a PISTOL from her dress pocket, studies it.

CUT TO:

EXT. ESTATE ROAD -- NIGHT

Rain's stopped. Lawrence halts his weary horse as they reach the crest of a hill, looking across the distance to...

CONTINUED

TALBOT HOUSE starkly SILHOUETTED against the sky, with the FULL MOON glowing directly above.

Lawrence stares for a long, steely-eyed moment.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACKMOOR FOREST -- NIGHT

Lawrence rides his horse quickly on a FOREST TRAIL... Arriving at the Talbot GRAVEYARD. At the GATE, Lawrence jumps down. He walks in amongst the HEADSTONES.

Mother's ornate TOMB beckons, touched by SHAFTS of MOONLIGHT.

INSIDE THE TOMB

The heavy DOOR is slowly pushed inwards, inch by inch, till Lawrence is able to squeeze through, entering.

Brushing aside COBWEBS, Lawrence sadly looks upon mother's STONE SARCOPHAGUS, which rests on a PEDESTAL. He steps forward. There's another COFFIN beyond mother's...

A plain, WOODEN COFFIN on the floor.

Lawrence is filled with dread, kneeling beside this coffin. He removes the LID, reacting to the smell of death.

INSIDE THE COFFIN: a MAN'S ROTTEN CORPSE. Almost three months old, altered by desiccation and decay. Skeletal. Its CLOTHING is CLAWED, SHREDDED, covered in old BLOOD.

LAWRENCE
Benjamin.

Lawrence swallows, tearful. He's found his brother at last. He places a hand on the corpse's chest.

LAWRENCE
My brother. I'm sorry. I left you... abandoned you to him. I've regretted it for so long now. Forgive me. Forgive me, that *this* is our reunion.
(agonized)
How can it be that I never met the man you became? How could I have let that happen?

He stands, looking down at Benjamin's corpse.

LAWRENCE
Rest in peace. Know that what I do tonight, I do in your name.

After a moment, Lawrence bends...

CONTINUED

Taking the REVOLVER from Benjamin's HOLSTER.

CUT TO:

EXT. TALBOT HOUSE, GREAT LAWN -- NIGHT

Lawrence rides at full gallop towards the mansion.

AT TALBOT HOUSE

IN ONE WINDOW: SIR JOHN'S SILHOUETTE can be seen as he's looking out, till he lets the CURTAIN fall CLOSED.

INT. TALBOT HOUSE, GRAND HALL -- NIGHT

Shoving the FRONT DOOR OPEN, Lawrence strides in, throwing off his COAT. He's clutching Ben's REVOLVER, crossing into the Grand Hall with its walls of PAINTINGS, CRESTS, TAPESTRIES, WEAPONS, TROPHIES; Talbot history.

ACROSS THE ROOM, Sir John is seated in a CHAIR by the massive FIRE in the FIREPLACE. He holds a BOTTLE of SCOTCH. The room is lit by CANDLES held in CANDELABRA.

SIR JOHN
Well, well! An unexpected visitor! You are cutting this awfully close, aren't you...?

Sir John gestures behind him...
Where the large GRANDFATHER CLOCK shows: **11:45.**

SIR JOHN
Fifteen more minutes, and you and I won't be ourselves anymore. Or is that it; have you come to join your father for a night out on the town?

Lawrence arrives, gathering his nerve, pointing the gun.

LAWRENCE
Stand up.

SIR JOHN
I'd have Kendall attend to you, but he's fled. Took my goddamn dog with him, the bastard. Have a drink?

Sir John drinks from his bottle.

LAWRENCE
Stand up, Sir!

SIR JOHN
As you wish.

Sir John rises, imposing as ever.

CONTINUED

He's well dressed, but more disheveled than usual, unshaven. There's no sense of drunkenness, but the man, like his manor, is deteriorating.

SIR JOHN
Calm yourself. You're the one with the weapon, after all. I could have armed myself if I'd wanted... shot you down the moment you walked in.

LAWRENCE
Why didn't you?

SIR JOHN
(shrugs)
Call me sentimental. You came all this way... you deserve a sporting chance.

Sir John walks as he talks. Lawrence keeps the gun trained.

SIR JOHN
You're not entirely unexpected. The asylum sent word of your "escape," though accounts varied wildly, as you might imagine.

LAWRENCE
I found Benjamin. I finally found him where you left him. This is his gun. These... his bullets...

Lawrence opens the gun, takes out one SILVER BULLET.

LAWRENCE
Silver. He loaded this weapon with silver bullets...

Lawrence puts the bullet back, closes the gun.

LAWRENCE
Once he realized that there was no other way to stop you.
(holding up REVOLVER)
Tell me again you didn't kill him. Deny it, while I hold the proof.

Sir John looks away, tortured, guilt eating at him.

SIR JOHN
The irony is... we forged those bullets together, long ago. A last resort, we agreed. One I was confident we would never need.
(angrily remorseful)
He put himself in harm's way.
(more)

SIR JOHN (CONT.)
Out on the moors, that night. I... I never meant for him to die! How should I have known he'd side with *them*? How was I to know he'd turn against his own father!?

LAWRENCE
Because he was so much better a man than you.

SIR JOHN
You'll hear no argument from me.

Sir John swigs morosely from his bottle.

LAWRENCE
You killed him with one hand, buried him with the other, and still managed somehow to remove yourself from blame. It was Ben's fault, because he tried to protect the villagers. My fault you attacked me, because I had been warned. Mother died not at your hands, but at the hands of the beast.
(furious)
All of my life... I thought this family cursed. But, you were the curse on us, Father! All along, it was you.

SIR JOHN
You come here to speak for Benjamin... to avenge him...?

Sir John's still pacing.

SIR JOHN
First, answer how you can even dare call him your brother! Or did you imagine a handful of letters across the years could make up for your betrayal? Because that's what your leaving was... a betrayal!

It's Lawrence's turn to face his wounding guilt.

SIR JOHN
You know full well how you wronged him... how it was as if a part of himself was torn away when he found you gone. He loved you!
(pause)
For those wounds you inflicted upon him... I admit could <u>never</u> have forgiven you.

LAWRENCE
What of the wounds you inflicted?

SIR JOHN
He may not have been able to bring himself to tell you what he truly thought of you, but Ben and I... we spoke often of your cowardice.

LAWRENCE
You needn't remind me of my debt to him. I'm here to repay some part of it tonight.

Lawrence looks across to...
The GRANDFATHER CLOCK. It's **11:49.**

LAWRENCE
As for cowardice... it means so little coming from a man who, having torn out the throat of his beloved wife, hadn't the courage to end his own life.

SIR JOHN
Again, think what you will of me and the suffering that's been my lot. I don't expect you to believe me, but I would've gladly traded places with your mother if I could have...

LAWRENCE
Easy to say.

SIR JOHN
As it was, my death would have done nothing more than to orphan my sons.

LAWRENCE
And all the better for it we would have been! Or have you forgotten...? You murdered us! One by one, you murdered us all! Look around!

They're standing at the center of the Grand Hall.

LAWRENCE
This is what remains of the family you speak of with such reverence. Your trophies... the sound of your own voice... the ghosts of your victims. That's all you have left! Everything else you destroyed.
(bitterly)
All for Carmilla.

CONTINUED

SIR JOHN
Don't you speak her name.

LAWRENCE
Her own love was proven, beyond a doubt. She suffered endless humiliations, though she could have had her freedom merely by confessing your name. But, she kept silent... to protect you. Out of love.

Lawrence keeps the gun trained on Sir John.

LAWRENCE
You, meanwhile, kept a different silence. Having weighed your feelings for her against your instinct for self-preservation. You wouldn't dare risk your social standing or the precious honor of the Talbot name! So, you abandoned her to her husband's tender mercies. And she took her life... alone. Heartbroken.

Sir John drinks, sunk in grief.

LAWRENCE
You were the end of her... not Strickland... not the citizens of Blackmoor! You were her reason for living and her reason for dying!

Sir John wheels, THROWING his bottle...
It SHATTERS against the wall!

SIR JOHN
No more! I'll hear no more!

LAWRENCE
For you to commit murder in her name and call it vengeance is a sick perversion of her memory.

SIR JOHN
(enraged)
Then be done with me! Enough talk! End it now! That is a gun in your hand, is it not?! Oh, but first... first let me inform you of one small detail. You see, before you came in... I took the liberty of turning the clock back ten minutes.

ZOOM IN: on the GRANDFATHER CLOCK which now reads, **11:50.**

CONTINUED

SIR JOHN
(angry mocking)
So...the time you thought you had in which to screw up your courage is gone! This, son, is your moment of truth!

Lawrence is unnerved, uncertain. He looks up as...
The BLACKMOOR CLOCKTOWER is HEARD TOLLING from the distance.

Sir John steps up, defiant, pounds his chest.

SIR JOHN
Here is your chance to finally show your father what you are made of!! If you think you have it in you to pull the trigger, DO IT! Do it.

Lawrence grits his teeth, angry, terrified...
He's leveling the revolver squarely at Sir John's chest, but the gun TREMBLES in his hand. With the far off CLOCKTOWER TOLLING, all Lawrence's years of fear of and pent-up hatred for his father culminate in this decisive instant.

LAWRENCE
When I first arrived... you asked what difference my returning to Talbot Hall could make.
(pause)
Here is your answer!

Lawrence PULLS the TRIGGER...
The HAMMER FALLS, but NOTHING HAPPENS!

Lawrence and Sir John are stunned.

Lawrence pulls the trigger again! Nothing!
Sir John's disbelief turns to rage as he KNOCKS the gun away -- PUNCHING! Lawrence is thrown to the floor!

SIR JOHN
Good God, you did it!

Lawrence tries to rise, but Sir John KICKS him down!
Sir John's manic, seems almost proud.

SIR JOHN
The grave's damp must've gotten to the powder, but still... a valiant effort! I honestly didn't think you had it in you!

Lawrence is on his feet, letting out a CRY as...
He TACKLES Sir John! They go CRASHING through the sitting area, scattering the CHAIRS and SIDE TABLES.

They fight in front of the roaring FIRE, trading blows.

CONTINUED

Sir John's fists STRIKE like sledgehammers!

Lawrence manages to block one of his father's swings, countering with a PUNCH that sends Sir John to the floor.

Sir John wipes his bloodied mouth as he's rising.

SIR JOHN
Nicely done!

Lawrence is immediately on Sir John, pinning him, getting both hands around Sir John's neck!

Lawrence puts everything he's got into tightening his STRANGLE HOLD on his father's windpipe! Sir John struggles.

And just when it seems like Lawrence has the upper hand... Just as Sir John's having the life choked out of him... Sir John STARTS TRANSFORMING! His TEETH LENGTHEN and become horrid FANGS! His reddening face GROWS its grey-tinged FUR while his HANDS SPROUT dense FUR and lethal CLAWS!

Much to Lawrence's dismay, he's now fighting the brutally powerful GREY-WEREWOLF in MID-TRANSFORMATION! Grey-Werewolf breaks Lawrence's grip, brings one leg up and KICKS -- sends Lawrence FLIPPING backwards in the air...

Lawrence THUDS to the floor across the room.

Grey-Werewolf rises, the "change" complete. He looks around, furious and disoriented, as one might imagine. He announces himself with a window rattling ROAR!

Lawrence covers his ears as he's getting to his feet.

Grey-Werewolf turns, heading for Lawrence, nostrils flaring, saliva dripping from his wicked maw.

Lawrence goes to a dusty SUIT of ARMOR, taking the long, deadly SPEAR the posed KNIGHT was holding.

As Grey-Werewolf advances, thirsting for carnage, Lawrence wields the spear. Grey-Werewolf doesn't seem to care or understand the spear, till Lawrence...

SLICES into Grey-Werewolf's arm! Grey-Werewolf backs off, bloodied. Confused. Lawrence keeps SWINGING the spear, keeping Grey-Werewolf at bay.

Lawrence maneuvers over to grab an unlit OIL LAMP from a WRITING DESK against the wall, THROWS the LAMP...

The oil lamp SHATTERS against Grey-Werewolf, SOAKING the fur of his arm, torso and beastly face with OIL.

Undeterred, Grey-Werewolf advances...
Lawrence is backed up against the desk, trapped.

CONTINUED

He raises the spear -- STABBING...

The spear PIERCES Grey-Werewolf below his left collar bone; the SPEARHEAD bursting bloodily out Grey-Werewolf's back!

Grey-Werewolf SCREAMS, staggered, clutching the spear.

Lawrence runs over to the mounted GUN RACK where many of Sir John's PISTOLS and RIFLES are displayed.
He grabs a large SHOTGUN.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Grey-Werewolf grasps at the spear, but the spear's flared, arrowhead-like point is impossible to pull out backwards.

AT THE GUN RACK

Lawrence clutches the SHOTGUN as he kneels before the low, long, wooden GUN CABINET. He throws the CABINET DOORS open, pulling out a heavy WOODEN BOX.

Lawrence opens the box. It's filled with ALL KINDS of AMMUNITION. He grabs a BOX of SHOTGUN SHELLS, however...
The VEINS on the back of Lawrence's hands THROB! FUR is starting to GROW! It's happening. Transformation's begun.

LAWRENCE
NO!

Lawrence looks over his shoulder to where...
Grey-Werewolf still struggles to remove the spear.

Lawrence looks over his other shoulder to...
The FIRE in the fireplace.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Grey-Werewolf falls to his knees, falling on the spear's shaft, which drives it further into his body!

AT THE GUN RACK

Lawrence sucks air, struggling against the irresistible forces overtaking his physiology. He slams the AMMUNITION BOX SHUT, lifting it as he stands, fighting a wave of pain.

FUR is APPEARING across Lawrence's face as he runs...
He stumbles to the fireplace, lifting the closed ammunition box and HEAVING it INTO THE FIRE! Mission accomplished.

Lawrence's body contorts involuntarily, taking him to his knees. His TRANSFORMATION'S PROCEEDING in earnest.
His body QUAKES as his lupine alter-ego's winning out!

ACROSS THE ROOM

Grey-Werewolf's pulling the spear towards him -- hand over hand -- FEEDING its entire length through his body till the bloody spear finally CLATTERS to the floor behind him.

Grey-Werewolf turns his attention back to Lawrence...
Except, Lawrence is now THE WOLFMAN, ROARING!

AT THE CENTER OF THE ROOM

Grey-Werewolf and the Wolfman circle each other...
They're sizing one another up...

They both rush forward, GRAPPLING...
It's a vicious, werewolf vs. werewolf battle royal!
They CLAW at each other, SLASHING, teeth GNASHING!

Grey-Werewolf and the Wolfman THROW each other around the room -- SMASHING into walls -- TOPPLING BOOKSHELVES and bringing PAINTINGS and WEAPONRY CRASHING DOWN!

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACKMOOR OUTSKIRTS -- NIGHT

BLACKMOOR can be seen in the distance as Gwen's coach speeds along, heading left at the ROAD'S FORK.

CUT TO:

INT. TALBOT HOUSE, GRAND HALL -- NIGHT

The battle rages on as Grey-Werewolf lifts up the GRANDFATHER CLOCK and HEAVES IT!

The Wolfman LEAPS high, avoiding the SPLINTERING CLOCK...
He grabs onto the huge, wooden CHANDELIER above, SWINGING as the straining ROPE holding the chandelier CREAKS.

Grey-Werewolf runs, JUMPS...
CLIMBING straight up a vast TAPESTRY. He JUMPS again...
DIGGING his CLAWS into the ROOF BEAMS, climbing towards the center of the room, above the chandelier.

IN THE FIREPLACE: the ammo box shifts, engulfed in FLAMES.

Above, the Wolfman SWINGS himself up...
LANDS standing astride the still wildly CAREENING chandelier. He ROARS to the ceiling as...

Grey-Werewolf DROPS, attacking...
COLLIDING with the Wolfman, pulling them both down!

BELOW, Grey-Werewolf and the Wolfman TUMBLE down the central STAIRCASE, fighting all the way...
They hit the floor, sent SPRAWLING!

CONTINUED

As The Wolfman rises, Grey-Werewolf LEAPS onto him from behind, grabbing on and SINKING HIS TEETH into Wolfman's shoulder! Wolfman HOWLS!

Grey-Werewolf hangs on relentlessly, BITING DEEPLY, while Wolfman's CLAWING back at him, trying frenziedly to throw him off, and it's just then that...

IN THE FIREPLACE: the burning ammo box EXPLODES!

The massive EXPLOSION throws a huge FIREBALL -- SHOOTING whistling BULLETS and PELLETS in every direction at once!

The BLAST sends the Wolfman and Grey-Werewolf FLYING in a shock-wave of burning DEBRIS and sizzling BULLETS! WINDOWS are SHATTERING!

The Wolfman SLAMS into one wall, landing in a heap, his body bearing many SMOLDERING BULLET WOUNDS.

Grey-Werewolf's fallen by the STAIRS, rising up and SCREAMING as half his body is BURNING! The LAMP OIL that soaked his fur is now ablaze!

Grey-Werewolf writhes, spastically trying to shake off the flames, which only makes it worse. He FLEES headlong into the HALLWAY under the STAIRCASE...

EXT. TALBOT HOUSE, REAR GARDENS -- MOMENTS LATER -- NIGHT

The half-BURNING FIGURE of Grey-Werewolf comes SMASHING out through the WINDOWS of the CONSERVATORY!

Grey-Werewolf goes ROLLING down through the hillside GARDENS, still BURNING as he's TUMBLING out of control!

INT. GRAND HALL -- NIGHT

The Wolfman rises slowly. FIERY EMBERS rain down. Everywhere, CURTAINS, RUGS and TAPESTRIES are ABLAZE. The explosion has doomed Talbot Hall.

EXT. REAR GARDENS -- MOMENTS LATER -- NIGHT

The Wolfman leaps out the jagged HOLE in the conservatory WINDOWS. He lands in the GARDENS, searching warily. He heads for the FOREST.

CUT TO:

INT. GWEN'S COACH -- IN MOTION -- NIGHT

Gwen looks out the COACH WINDOW, horrified upon seeing... In the distance: TALBOT HALL BURNS.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST / CASTLE RUINS -- NIGHT

The Wolfman enters the clearing presided over by the looming CASTLE RUINS. He searches, SNIFFING the air, watchful. As he nears the ruins, a huge STONE comes SMASHING DOWN -- barely missing him -- imbedding into the ground!

The Wolfman looks up to where...
Grey-Werewolf stands atop a high, CORNER TOWER, HURLING another huge STONE down!

The Wolfman dodges the deadly projectile, runs and LEAPS... He starts quickly SCALING the tower.

Above, Grey-Werewolf's terribly wounded; upper TORSO, ARM and half his FACE sickeningly BURNED; the FUR BURNED OFF. He YELLS down, KICKING loose a section of the BATTLEMENT...

The Wolfman scrambles aside to avoid the falling STONES.

CUT TO:

EXT. TALBOT HOUSE -- NIGHT

As the coach arrives, Gwen leaps out.
She and the Driver look on in awe as SMOKE and FLAMES pour from the MANSION'S broken WINDOWS and open FRONT DOOR.

Gwen runs to the STAIRS, past where Lawrence's HORSE is tied.

INT. TALBOT HOUSE, GRAND HALL -- NIGHT

Gwen enters, surrounded by FLAMES. She covers her mouth and nose, taking in the heat-warped scene of destruction. FIRE SPREADS irrevocably, consuming everything.

GWEN
(calling out)
Lawrence! Lawrence!

CLOSE-ON: the beautiful PORTRAIT of LAWRENCE'S MOTHER as it's BURNING. FLAMES hungrily devour ancient paint. MOTHER'S FACE blisters... her image disappearing into ash.

Gwen looks straight up, retreating as...
Above, the ROPE holding the chandelier BURNS, FRAYING.

Gwen flees into the ENTRY PARLOR, not looking back as the CHANDELIER CRASHES THUNDEROUSLY down behind her!

EXT. TALBOT HALL - -- NIGHT

Gwen runs down the front stairs, calling...

GWEN
Where are you, Lawrence?!

CONTINUED

A far off HOWLING is HEARD. Gwen turns, listening intently. Another ROARING CRY comes from the distance.

Gwen runs to Lawrence's horse, untying it and climbing up. She RIDES off to follow the werewolf's ululation.

CUT TO:

EXT. CASTLE RUIN -- NIGHT

Just as the Wolfman climbs atop the corner tower, Grey-Werewolf makes a spectacular LEAP...

Grabbing onto the curved, outer wall of the larger, neighboring TOWER; the CASTLE KEEP. Grey-Werewolf climbs.

Behind, the Wolfman JUMPS after...
Actually leaping INTO one of the gaping HOLES in the side of the keep; climbing the exposed SPIRAL STAIRCASE INSIDE...

AT THE TOP OF THE KEEP

The Wolfman and Grey-Werewolf arrive simultaneously in the remains of this large, circular, ROOFLESS ROOM at the highest point of the ruins. They square off, both letting loose nightmarish CRIES of RAGE! But, neither is going back down, of course, and so the pitched BATTLE is REJOINED...

They start RIPPING INTO EACH OTHER...
SLASHING and COUNTER-SLASHING, unrelentingly...
Sending BLOOD SPRAYING up into the night air!

Grey-Werewolf SWINGS, but the Wolfman catches the blow and BITES a CHUNK out of Grey-Werewolf's forearm!

Grey-Werewolf SPINS, BASHING the Wolfman back...
Wolfman SLAMS against a WALL which immediately FALLS AWAY, exposing the PRECIPITOUS DROP beyond.
Then, the whole TOWER'S SHAKING...

BELOW: FISSURES begin spider-webbing across the tower's already FRACTURED surface.

The Wolfman and Grey-Werewolf continue their animalistic Danse Macabre, trading LACERATING STRIKES, the both of them covered in countless crimson SLASHES and GOUGES.

Suddenly, a RUMBLE is HEARD, growing DEAFENING as...
The FLOOR literally FALLS OUT from under the Wolfman and Grey-Werewolf! The entire TOWER is CRUMBLING DOWN!

We lose sight of the Wolfman and Grey-Werewolf in the AVALANCHE of falling STONES and rising DUST!

ON THE FOREST TRAIL

FOLLOW: Gwen riding quickly, holding her PISTOL, arriving...

AT THE RUINS

Gwen rides into the clearing, looking to the DUST CLOUD hanging over the castle. As she urges her horse forward...

Grey-Werewolf rises into view, climbing RUBBLE to the stand atop a low section of broken RAMPART WALL; he's carrying the unconscious Wolfman over his head in both hands!

Gwen is aghast.

Grey-Werewolf HOWLS to the sky, throwing Wolfman's motionless body to the forest floor below.

Grey-Werewolf leaps down...
Moving to where the Wolfman lies unconscious.

GWEN
No!

Gwen struggles to control her rearing horse, taking aim -- FIRING her pistol repeatedly!

BULLETS STRIKE around Grey-Werewolf! He's HIT in the ARM, BLOOD SPLATTERING! He turns to face Gwen, SNARLING!

Gwen keeps firing, but her GUN'S gone EMPTY.
She yanks on her reins, RIDING AWAY...
Grey-Werewolf angrily gives chase.

FURTHER UP THE FOREST TRAIL

Gwen rides full out, glancing back...
From the DARKNESS, Grey-Werewolf is closing the distance.

EXT. FOREST / WATERFALL -- NIGHT

Just as Gwen races into the WATERFALL CLEARING...
Grey-Werewolf JUMPS onto her horse's REAR HAUNCHES...
DRAGGING the SCREECHING horse down!

Gwen is THROWN to the dirt...
Grey-Werewolf's THROWN, ROLLING.

The wounded horse clamors to it's feet, fleeing.
Gwen recovers, running towards the CLIFF and roaring WATERFALL ahead. Grey-Werewolf pursues.

Grey-Werewolf LEAPS forward...
Taking Gwen to the ground!

Gwen SCREAMS, trying crawl away, but the gory Grey-Werewolf is astride her, holding her. He's bent over her, TOUCHING her DRESS, almost gently, as if toying with her...
His claws TEARING the fabric.

CONTINUED

Gwen keeps CRYING OUT as Grey-Werewolf leans his monstrous, burned visage very close to her face, breathing and drooling onto her as he studies her, SNIFFING. He brings one hairy hand to her face, his claws faintly brushing her cheek.

Grey-Werewolf rears up, keeping a grip on Gwen, ROARING! Another ROAR ANSWERS! As Grey-Werewolf wheels...

The Wolfman arrives at full speed, SLAMMING Grey-Werewolf, KNOCKING him off of Gwen...

The Wolfman lands on top of Grey-Werewolf, begins POUNDING ON HIM -- ROARING with RAGE!

The stunned Grey-Werewolf still keeps fighting; struggling even as the Wolfman leans in and opens his fanged mouth wide -- going for Grey-Werewolf's throat...

The Wolfman pulls himself closer...ever closer, till finally he SINKS HIS TEETH IN -- RIPPING GREY-WEREWOLF'S THROAT OUT!

Gwen's on her feet, backing away.

The Wolfman rises, drenched in BLOOD, looking down as Grey-Werewolf dies. The Wolfman lets out a sustained HOWLING CRY.

Grey-Werewolf, lying dead, TRANSFORMS back into SIR JOHN.

Gwen turns, looking for an escape. Too late as...
The Wolfman looks to her, moving towards her...

Gwen's trapped as the Wolfman begins circling.

GWEN
No, Lawrence... it's me. It's Gwen!

The Wolfman circles, never taking his burning eyes off her. Gwen turns so she's always facing him, pleading.

GWEN
Lawrence, please. Don't do this! Look at me! You... you know who I am! You know me!

The Wolfman SNARLS, regarding her as easy prey.

GWEN
This is not what you are! Your father did this! You are Lawrence Talbot! There must be some part of you left! Please... hear me...!

The Wolfman begins stalking towards her. Gwen's CRYING.

GWEN
Remember what you said to today...
(more)

GWEN (CONT.)
If goodbye is truly all we have... this is mine. Know that I had feelings for you, Lawrence. Remember that I loved you... I loved you too!

CLOSE-ON: GWEN REFLECTED in the Wolfman's narrowing eyes... just as there seems to come some glimmer of recognition.

For a moment, the Wolfman's ghastly features soften as he regards Gwen... like perhaps the man trapped inside the beast has somehow resurfaced...?

The Wolfman edges closer, not threateningly, but with a kind of curiosity. Gwen recognizes the moment.

GWEN
Lawrence?

Suddenly, the Wolfman rears back, HOWLING, arms extended, claws clutching -- a lamenting, tortured HOWL.

Gwen recoils, covering her ears, stumbling back... She falls to the ground.

The Wolfman charges at Gwen... Gwen SCREAMS as he is upon her!

The Wolfman LEAPS over Gwen, running across the clearing, moving straight for the CLIFF'S EDGE.

Gwen turns to look... realizing...

GWEN
No!

At the CLIFF overlooking the WATERFALL, the Wolfman LEAPS out into MID-AIR... FALLING into the chasm... PLUMMETING a great distance...

BELOW

The Wolfman SMASHES into the jagged CLIFFSIDE... FLIPPING again and again as he...
FALLS...
ever downward...

His body being BASHED and brutalized, LIMBS RAVAGED... BONES BREAKING, consciousness gone, till at last...

The Wolfman SPLASHES into the RIVER BASIN at the base of the WATERFALL! He's immediately gone from sight below the CHURNING WATER. He does not resurface.

ABOVE

Gwen staggers to the cliff's edge, looking down, her hand over her mouth. She lets out an echoing CRY!

She kneels, hanging her head, bereft, SOBBING.
The FULL MOON shines down through the treetops.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FOREST RIVERBANK -- DAWN

BIRDS SING. On the dawn-kissed banks of the RIVER, downstream from the roaring WATERFALL feeding it, we find...

LAWRENCE'S CORPSE, battered and broken. Human again.

Lying there, with his eyes closed, half-in the river while the shore's gently undulating water caresses his hair and placid face, Lawrence looks almost at peace.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

EXT. ENGLISH COASTLINE -- OVERVIEW -- DAY

Above the CLIFFS of a section of English COASTLINE, with the OCEAN pounding rocky SHORES below, we find the relocated GYPSY ENCAMPMENT. MALE and FEMALE TRIBE MEMBERS go about their daily lives amongst the settlement's TENTS and WAGONS.

IN THE ENCAMPMENT

At the CLIFF'S EDGE, the ancient, fortune-teller, Old Maleva, peers out across the endless OCEAN.

She turns, heading back through the camp.

IN ONE TENT

Old Maleva enters. A BABY can be HEARD CRYING. THREE young GYPSY NURSE-MAIDS are crowded around a veiled, INFANT'S CRIB. As they see Old Maleva approaching, they step away.

Old Maleva comes to part the crib's VEILS, reaching in to gently pick up the crying BABY, a dark-haired BOY, mere months old, wrapped in BLANKETS. His EYES are GREEN.

Sullen, sallow-faced Bela enters.

Old Maleva goes to sit, cradling the child lovingly. Bela walks to stand at Old Maleva's side. Old Maleva begins reciting a SING-SONG an INCANTATION in a whispered, incomprehensible tongue, gently rocking the now quieting child back and forth in her arms.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BLACKMOOR FIELD -- DAY

Where the Gypsy encampment once stood in Blackmoor; where all that is left are the THREE unmarked GRAVESTONES...

We PAN DOWN: into the very earth... INTO CARMILLA'S GRAVE... Where we are able to look upon the rotted, withered face of CARMILLA'S ENSHROUDED CORPSE inside her WOOD COFFIN, and we can see the wide, dried-brown BLOOD STAIN left from the long, still gaping INCISION that was CUT INTO HER WOMB.

THE END